THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 71. PUBLICATION OFFICE, NO. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1892. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 52

JULY.

BY JOHN ASHTON.

'Tis Summer's noon; high rides the fervid sun
O'er fresh-mown meads and fields of waving corn;
The shining streams in dreamy music run,
Kiss'd by the pensile willows that adorn
Their flowery banks; from mid-day's glowing heat
The panting cattle seek the welcome shade;
In the deep shadow of the wood's retreat
The woodbine, in gay Summer dress array'd,
With wanton wooing winds its fawning arms
Around the sturdy oak with sweet embrace;
Like living gems, the flitting insect swarms
In ceaseless dance run out their little race;
Nature in all her beauty cheers the sight,
Serene the day and calm the short-lived night.

A DEAD HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "A GOLDEN DAWN," ETC.

CHAPTER XV—(CONTINUED.)

SLOWLY, surely, the awful truth came to me. Slowly, surely, the conviction came upon me. If I refused to marry him, my Hulbert's name would be branded all over the land; and it seemed to me as though my dear lost love had left his fair fame in my hands. If I were true to him, then in one sense I was false; if false to him, then I was true. My heart was wrung with anguish; I know not what to do. Every hour added to my dislike of Sir Aleck; every hour added to my dread lest the fair name of my dear love should be assailed. I could not see my way; I could not tell what to do.

"I dreamed more than once that, released from this world I found so full of trouble and care, I met my love within the golden gates, and he looked sadly at me.

"'You would not save my memory, dear,' he said; 'and that ought to have been more sacred to you than anything else. You would not save it, Miriam?' And I awoke with those words lingering in my ears time after time: 'You did not save my memory, Miriam.' My dear lost love, do you know what I suffered? Do you know that my heart was torn in two, that my soul was distracted, that between the desire of being true to my love, of keeping my vows to him, and my longing to keep my memory clear, and his name fair and shining amongst men, I was bewildered? At last I could not tell true from false, or false from true. At last my thoughts grew less clear, my mind confused. I sent for Sir Aleck one day, and spoke more plainly than I had ever spoken before.

"'Do you know, Sir Aleck, that not only do I not love you, but I dislike you?'

"'I am willing to risk all that,' he replied. 'I love you so that I shall make you love me.'

"'Do you quite understand,' I said, 'that you force me into this marriage, and that the very fact of my consenting to it proves I love Hulbert's memory better than all the world besides?'

"'I quite understand,' he said.

"'Do you realise that, instead of having a wife who loves you, you will have one who shrinks from you with loathing, dislike, and hatred?'

"'It will not always be so,' he answered.

"'It will be!' I cried. 'You force me to marry you in order to shield the memory of a man who is dead; but, I tell you frankly, it has made me hate instead of love you; and every day I spend with you will add to my dislike, not take from it!'

"'I will risk it,' he said, with a smile that made me loathe him.

"I married him; and I appeal to my lover in heaven, for whose dear name's sake I did it, whether in my aching heart there was any thought save love of him.

"Oh, my miserable wedding-day! Oh, my wretched honeymoon! Oh, my aching miserable heart! I was a bride; people congratulated me; every one seemed to envy me my good fortune; while I would have changed places with the lowliest peasant who had her true love by her side. I hated my life. My days and nights were passed in tears, and the only bright hope I had was that I had saved my lover's memory, saved him from contumely and scorn. I was never happy—never for one moment; but I tried to do my duty. I was kind, patient, and forbearing—nothing more. I could not be loving. I was always attentive to my husband; I studied to please his guests, to receive them with the greatest courtesy. I listened to his stories, cultivated his friends; but I could not love the man who had married me under a threat so cruel as that of blighting the fair name of my dead love.

"At first this did not matter. He worshipped me with such mad passion, he did not seem to notice the coldness and reserve I could not master; but, after a time, he began to perceive it, and it enraged him. He grew ill-tempered and morose with me; he reproached me incessantly with the fact that I had never loved him, and never should, and at last—would to Heaven I had died then!—he told me of the unkind things he had done. This was the most cruel. While I thought that I had sacrificed myself for my lover's sake, that I had given my life and all chance of happiness with it to keep his memory clear, I was, in a way, happy; but he took even that consolation from me.

"One day, when his anger and passion were beyond his control, he told me the truth—in words that blistered and burned my heart, in words that struck the last ray of hope from my miserable life.

"I had never for one moment believed Hulbert guilty; but, owing to his mother's letters and Sir Aleck's assertions, I imagined that he had at some time perhaps committed some imprudence ignorantly and innocently, the consequences of which he had not known.

"That was what I believed; that was the idea to which I had sacrificed myself; and now, in a fit of anger and passion, purposely I believe to make me miserable, he had told me the truth—told me that the buried sin was the sin of Hulbert's father, that the buried wrong was one in which my love had no share—told me the sad story of the wrecked home; of the noble, generous, kindly man who had taken his own life in his mad despair; of the proud, unhappy mother who had visited her resentment on her son; of the noble, brave young son who had labored for his daily bread, rather than seek help—told me all in his anger, and then repented of it. I remembered well hearing my father talk of the failure of the great bank of 'Fane, of Culross.' Some friend of his lost money in it. I loved the name even, Henry Gordon Fane, and I understood why my love shrank from using it.

"He repented afterwards of having told me, and tried to unsay it; but it was too late. He could never again undo the effect of his words. They made me more wretched in one sense, for I saw that my sacrifice had been in vain: but they made me happier in another, for the vision of my lover's face was clearer to me. My hero was a hero still, without shadow or blame. But, from the day he had told me, my misery has increased, my unhappiness has been greater than I can bear. To have made a great sacrifice, and to have made it in vain, is the greatest calamity.

"My little baby came, and she brought me some comfort. I called her Berta, that being the nearest name I could find to Hulbert. She was a comfort to me. I could talk to her about Hulbert; I could tell her, when I showed her the blue sky and the roseate clouds, that some one mamma loved very dearly was waiting for her there. She clapped her little rosy hands, and repeated, 'Waiting for you.'

"Ah, yes, my dear lost love, waiting for me! How my unhappy life will end I know not; what the future holds for me I know not. But this I know, that, in all the lands on the face of the green earth, there is not a more desolate creature than I, who used to call myself 'Miriam May Dacre:' for I loved my lover with a love so true, so devoted, so entire, so tender, that out of his life no life have I."

These were the written words of her ladyship, as I read them in after years.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was late in the autumn, and still Sir Aleck had not returned. Doris Hope had gone away, and Lady Glen was quite alone. She had few visitors: she spent the greater part of her time in reading and walking. I, who watched her keenly, feared for her, she looked so ill. When she was Miriam May Dacre she had a lovely color, like the sweet flush of a wild rose; but now her beautiful face was as white as a lily. Perhaps she was lonely, or she was thinking ever of me.

I had decided to go; the pain was too great for me; but I could not leave now, while my dear lady was so ill: I must wait until the color came back to her face, and the light to her eyes.

My instinct always guided me to her. When she was out of the house I seemed to guess always where she was. One night—a soft, dark, dreamy night—something whispered to me that she was in the garden, and I went in noiselessly. There was no sound until I came to the cedar-tree; and there I heard such passionate weeping, such bitter sobs. I knew that my lady had left her stately mansion, and sought the shelter of the old cedar, that she might weep as she would; and I, who would have shed my heart's blood for her, I, who loved her as man never loved woman before, went away and left her alone.

One dark, dreary, rainy day a messenger came riding in hot haste from Carnsore with a telegram for my lady. It was taken to her in the morning-room that she had made her own, taken without preparation or warning of the terrible truth it held. She opened it, and, as was usual with her in times of great emotion, became white, cold, and motionless. She sat holding it in her hands, as once before she had held the paper telling of her lover's death; then she rose slowly, and they heard her say—

"They have met face to face at last."

A great trembling came over her. The words of the telegram were these—

"From Allan Grant, Treverlock Castle, Scotland, to Lady Glen, Atherstone Hall, England.—Grieved to say Sir Aleck has met with a terrible accident. The gun he was carrying exploded suddenly, and killed him instantaneously. Will be with you to-morrow."

Her ladyship walked to and fro with the telegram in her hand. She could not realize, could not understand the news. She had never thought of his dying; and now he lay dead. She wandered aimlessly through the beautiful rooms; she talked wildly at times; and then she fell in a long, deadly faint, while confusion and dismay reigned at the Hall.

The terrible news soon spread; and the servants, the laborers, all at work on the estate, gathered at the Hall to know if it were true; and we were told how her ladyship cried out, "Face to face at last!" and how she lay now, silent and dead to all that was passing. There was real and deep grief, not so much for Sir Aleck himself, as for the young widow and child he had left.

The next day Allan Grant came, and told her ladyship how the accident had happened.

* * * * * *

They brought him home to Carnsore, to the vault of the Glens. I, the man whom he had robbed and injured, went to his funeral; and when they had laid him in the vault, I asked permission to enter. It was given; and, standing by the cold stone under which he who had taken my love from me slept, I bade him farewell, and forgave him, as I prayed Heaven to forgive me.

He had left all his worldly wealth to his wife and child. People praised his generosity, and called him nobly just. The great wealth was fettered by no condition; it was hers to do as she would with.

I shall never forget the day she first appeared amongst us again, with a widow's cap on her golden head, her long crape dress sweeping the ground. It was the end of November, and I had quite made up my mind what to do.

Had Sir Aleck lived, I would never have proclaimed the fact of my existence; I would never have asserted my identity, or cared to say that I lived. But Sir Aleck was dead, and my darling was free. I would claim her—ay, and win her too!

The sorrow and despair that had aged my face and crushed my spirit fell from me. I was a man again, strong as a lion in my renewed hope. I would win her, if the whole world should oppose me. About one thing I was determined: no one should ever know that I had been at Atherstone Hall—no one except Miriam, and I must tell her.

I went to Abel Blithe, and told him that I was leaving for something better that had offered itself to me. I thanked him, and rewarded him. He was sorry to part with me, as was his good, cheerful, kindly wife. They both wished me success.

Then I went to London, straight to the Horse Guards, and told my story. I saw some of my comrades, and there was no difficulty about my recognition. A Captain's commission, they said, should be mine, with further honors. One morning I shaved off my long thick beard, and put on the uniform I had always loved. I looked like myself again: I recognised myself. But for the crimson scar, I was little changed; and I was proud of that—I had won it in trying to save the life of a helpless woman.

A fanciful idea occurred to me. I had gone through the agony of death on Christmas Eve this year I would go and see my darling, would tell her that I lived, and loved. So I waited in London until Christmas Eve came, and then took the train for Carnsore.

On the previous Christmas Eve I was weary, worn, and full of most anxious longing. Now I felt well, strong, and half wild with the sense of my own happiness, for I knew that when I claimed her she would come to me.

What a Christmas Eve that was! I felt that I must greet every one I met. Snatches of song broke from my lips that had been silent for so long; my heart beat strong and fast for joy; everything seemed to rejoice with me. The golden stars that looked down with kindly eyes, the bright clear moon that sailed along the blue sky, the tall bare trees with their branches standing out distinct and clear, the white

hard shining frost, the red berries that smiled from the green holly-trees, the sturdy firs, and the glossy laurels—it seemed to me that all these knew my happiness and sympathized with it.

I stood on the threshold of the house where my love lived, where I had worked as a servant to be near her, where I had undergone all humiliations for the sake of looking at her beautiful face. I stood there on Christmas Eve, with the lovely moonlight blessing me, and my heart on fire with love.

I was standing, for the first time, in the drawing-room, a footman waiting to do my bidding. I sent word that an officer belonging to the Red Lancers wished to see Lady Glen on business.

Then it seemed to me I neither breathed, moved, nor stirred until she came. The room was full of rich red light from the fire, and the white light of a large lamp. I heard the opening of the door, the rustling of her dress over the carpet, the light footsteps. I dared not look up.

She was standing before me, and the perfume of violets seemed to enfold me. She was silent for a moment; then she said, in her gentle graceful fashion—

"You wished to see me? I am Lady Glen."

Her voice trembled with emotion. I bowed. Heaven knows I could have fallen at her feet.

"I have brought you intelligence of some one you knew once," I began.

But the next moment she had flung herself with a wild cry into my arms—a cry of fear, and hope, and love, such as I shall never hear again.

"Oh, my love, my love, I know you," she cried—"I know you! Have you come to me from the land of the living or the dead?"

Her tender arms clung to me, her golden head nestled on my breast, her sweet lips sought mine, her fair face, wet with tears, white with fear and love, was near mine.

So she lay for some minutes, stunned and dazed.

"Speak to me," she said. "Hulbert, they said you were dead! Speak to me. Oh, my love and my life, tell me I am not dreaming! I thought you were waiting for me, my darling, within the golden gates! Are you Hulbert Gordon, my love, come back again?"

She trembled so that I was obliged to clasp her more closely in my arms, and bring back the color to her sweet lips by kisses. What could I say to her in that moment of delirious happiness? I had no words.

At length the trembling, the cold fear, the wonder, died away a little, and she looked at me again.

"You have been given back to me from the dead," she said slowly. "Tell me—tell me how it is."

Her sweet hands caressed me. She touched my cheeks, my hair, and then she saw the crimson scar, and her beautiful face wore a puzzled look. She did not speak, but she laid her white fingers on it, and I knew she was wondering where she had seen something like it.

What did I next? Placed my darling at arm's length, and took off her widow's cap!

She remonstrated just a little; she tried to defend herself; she held up her pretty hands: but it was useless. I took it off, and let the shining waves of golden hair fall like a veil over her shoulders.

"Now," I cried, "you look like Miriam May Dacre—Miriam, my own again!"

That Christmas Eve was spent in telling her my history. We sat hand in hand; and when it came to the story of the captives' rescue, she put her arms round my neck and kissed the crimson scar.

Outside, the Christmas moon was shining, and the chime of Christmas bells filled the air. Outside, the golden stars were gleaming and the wind sang in the trees. I told her all, and great was her wonder when she heard that I was John Smith.

"Oh, Hulbert, if I had but known!" she said. But it was far better that she did not.

That Christmas Eve she promised to marry me in a year's time.

Was ever so sweet a dream? Was ever so sweet a reality? I left her late that Christmas Eve. There came to me a vision of the moonlight on the snow, of golden stars in a blue winter sky, of tall bare trees, of Christmas evergreens, of chiming bells: but above all shone the sweet face of my promised wife, whose love had gone with me through the gates of death.

[THE END.]

I REMEMBER often that I have spoken, never that I have been silent.

Nessa.

BY J. M. T.

ONE bright, golden morning, little Nessa leaned thoughtfully out of her vine-wreathed garret-window, and gazed at the scene before her; or rather, seemed to gaze, for though the winding road leading to the town, bordered by luxurious southern vegetation, and the bright costumes of the contadine and contadini with their laden mules, and beyond, the blue waters of the bay, all bathed in warm, glorious sunshine, made a scene worthy to be gazed upon, Nessa's mind was evidently otherwise occupied.

Little Nessa was one of the prettiest girls of that part of Italy at least; and, said old Marta, who let her the garret, and in a motherly way looked after the solitary little being, the best girl too.

"She sings like a bird," remarked the old woman to her favorite gossip, "as she makes her lace, and few make it so well, or the Signora Petchi would not be so good a patron. She is content with her grapes and her bread and polenta, and has not a care."

But there the worthy dame was wrong. Little Nessa had a care—in her idea a great care—and it was that which troubled her now, bringing a shadow into her bright, dark eyes, and tightening the fresh, red lips, so gracefully curved; for Nessa's beauty was as refined, her olive cheek as clear, her figure as dainty, her hands and feet as small as any noble contessa's.

Nessa's father had died almost before she could remember, leaving her mother to fight the world alone. It was her mother who had taught her to make the beautiful lace the signora now admired so much, and she had taught her many other things—to read and write, and be quite learned. Then, three years ago, death had taken her, leaving little Nessa alone.

It was at that time Nessa had come to live with old Marta, who had found her purchasers for her lace, among them the Signora Petchi. On the table was a small parcel of her best, just finished, for the signora, and by this hour Nessa ought to have been on her road to the signora's casotta, yet she still leaned from the window, her dark eyes on the busy road beneath, without seeing it.

"I know what I will do!" murmured Nessa at last, rising erect, and her thoughts finding speech, "I will see the signora herself—yes, I'll see her this very day; I will tell her all, and she will help me! Yes, she will have the power; the idea will fill her with horror, I know. Ah, she will be very angry—she will send him away, or—or make him desist, and never see me again!" and Nessa gave a deep sigh.

Who was to be sent away? Who was to be made to desist?

When Nessa took home her lace to the casotta she never saw the Signora Petchi, whose maid always received it and gave instructions for what further was required, but she invariably met Signora Petchi's son, the young Signor Francesco. Nay, not only when she went with her lace, but nearly every day that she went abroad at all, since that afternoon when he had first seen her waiting in the vestibule at the signora's.

Little Nessa had thought nothing of it at first, but was only aware of her peril when she found that her heart had gone out of her keeping, and that the words the handsome young signor whispered in her ear were those of love. Then little Nessa had taken her courage in both hands and repulsed him, though he entreated her to be his wife, for Nessa knew he was great and wealthy, and she was simply a poor little lace-maker, no worthy bride for the Signora Petchi's heir.

Quietly she had told him so, entreating him to leave her, but Signor Francesco was not to be thus dismissed. He only became more ardent, more persuasive, and his dark eyes more dangerously handsome, his voice more like music to her ear.

Little Nessa grew perplexed. What was she to do? She bade him go, but he would not obey. At each interview he forced upon her her courage grew weaker; supposing one day she said yes? Oh, the fury of the signora! What might she do? Turn Francesco from her home, her heart! No, that must not be: Nessa would not bring ruin on him she loved!

"Though," she exclaimed, half aloud, with a little pout, "Old Martha does say once the signora was little better than I—until her handsome face won her her rich husband. I know not about that. It may or it may not be true—it is not my affair. Only she will help me in this, and—and it is right she should know."

So little Nessa at last took up the packet, and started on her way, resolved that very afternoon to carry out her purpose of seeing Signor Petchi, and confessing everything to her. Of course then the signora would not let the Signor Francesco make to her any more—would no doubt even forbid his seeing her. She knew it would almost break her own heart never to behold him again, but it would be best for Francesco—much best to forget her.

Nessa's pulse began to beat very fast as she neared a certain portion of the road, bordered by luxurious vegetation—masses of graceful maiden-hair fern, golden broom, cyclamen, and gladiolus. The fear—if it were fear—upon her was not without foundation. Suddenly, in her path, as she turned a sharp angle of the road, stood a young man some six years her senior, slim, graceful, with pure Italian features, and eyes full of softness and of fire.

On her appearing, he came quickly forward, that love-light in his handsome face which always made the girl's pulse go quicker, and her brain dizzy.

"You are late, little Nessa," he remarked.

"Signor Francesco," she replied, controlling her voice, "this is unkind. Have I not asked you not to see me again?"

"You might as well have asked me to put out my eyes, little Nessa," he smiled down at her, "and see the sun tomorrow, as not to see you who are my life—my soul. When you ask impossibilities, you cannot expect they will be performed."

"It is you, signor, who ask impossibilities," replied Nessa, hastening her steps, fearful of the caressing glances of those dark eyes, the music of that low, sweet voice—fearful of herself.

"Not so, bella Nessa. Surely that little heart of yours is not quite stone. One day it will take compassion on me—one day you will feel pity."

"It is pity for you that makes me answer as I do, Signor Francesco. It is not among those of my rank you should seek a wife."

"Now by all the saints, little Nessa, I vow, and I mean it, never will I look elsewhere for one. If you refuse me, then do you condemn me to a life of solitude and misery. So I will bide my time, as I'm sure your heart is not hard for that!"

"And the signora, your mother—what would she think of such a union for you, signor," said Nessa, venturing to look at him.

The young fellow shrugged his shoulders.

"She might not quite like it at first," he smiled, "but she would get used to it. Especially when she know you——"

"Little Nessa, the maker of her lace," put in the girl, "No, signor; she would cast you off, and despise me. Signor Francesco," and the little figure was drawn erect with pretty dignity, "I have my pride too."

Even that assertion failed to stem Signor Francesco's ardor. He continued to pour forth his love and entreaties, until poor Nessa began to tremble for her resolve. It would have been so sweet to have said yes; to confess that her love was as great as his own—nay, greater, for hers was really to be the sacrifice. To her relief, the walk came to an end as the road gave on to one full of movement and traffic. Perforce Signor Francesco had to leave her, which he did with a half-reproachful, half-imploring glance that little Nessa found it difficult to withstand.

Frightened lest her resolve would waver, she hastened on, and was soon standing in the vestibule of the Signora Petchi's casotta. When, however, the maid appeared for the lace, she stated her desire to see the signora herself.

"Santa Maria! where is the need? Thou hast never seen her. Why then now?" remarked the woman. "The signora is engaged. If thou wantest a baiocchi or two more a yard——"

"It is not that," replied little Nessa, "if the signora is engaged I will wait. Only I must see her before I return."

"Well, let me know your business, little one, and I will inform her, and if she thinks——"

"I can only tell my business to the signora herself," replied Nessa, firmly. "She would be offended did I do other."

The maid looked at the quiet, resolute face, and consented finally to carry the request. Speedily returning, she bade Nessa follow, and conducted her into an apartment wherein sat the Signora Petchi. As Nessa looked upon her she was struck with admiration at her exceeding beauty. Francesco was like her, but there was all the sweetness, gentleness of woman: yet the expression was proud too.

"You wish to speak to me, little one," the signora said, looking towards her as she stood nervously at the door. "Approach."

"Signora," said Nessa, "may I speak to you alone?"

"Certainly. Maria, leave us. Now, child," and as Nessa advanced nearer, she regarded her curiously. As she did so, she started, and her white hand clutched the arm of her high-backed chair. In a second, however, she recovered herself, and said, her features growing almost stern:

"What have you to tell me, little one, that requires this privacy?"

Then little Nessa spoke, telling her story simply, yet with an earnestness and expression which conveyed to her hearer—who never took her eyes from her face—the honorable motive which prompted her to make the confession.

The signora never once interrupted until the story was done. Then she remarked:

"You have done this you say, little one, for my son's sake?"

"Yes, signora—and yours," replied Nessa. "You could not consent to such a union. It is not likely. See what I am. But a simple maker of lace; and I would not cause dissension between Signor Francesco and yourself."

"And yet—you love him?"

Little Nessa looked up, a blush on her clear, olive cheek, her eyes full of sudden tears.

"Oh, signora, I love him as I have never loved anyone, not even my mother. It is that which makes me do this. Signora, cannot you understand? I love his happiness better than my own!"

A moment Signora Petchi bent her head in silence. Then she said:

"You tell me your mother is dead, little one; she must have been a good woman, and educated you well. Tell me of her."

It was a subject upon which love made Nessa eloquent. The signora grew evidently more interested. She put question after question to which Nessa readily gave answers. Finally she remarked:

"Little one, you have acted nobly. You shall not find me ungrateful. Henceforth, your fortune shall be my care. Go home now, and be certain Signor Francesco shall be no trouble to you in the future, if I can help it."

She extended her soft, white hand; Nessa lifted it to her lips in silence, for there was a swelling in her throat which prevented speech. Then, withdrawing, she hastened homeward with a broken heart, but borne up by the consciousness that what she had done was right.

On Signora Petchi being left alone she first lay back in her chair, her hands over her face, then rising, began pacing to and fro in evident perplexity and agitation.

Now was it little Nessa's story had so affected her? Did she fear the strength of her influence over her son?

Finally, summoning her maid, she bade her prepare her for walking, then passing down the stairs of her princely dwelling, she proceeded to the church of St. Angelo, where she knew at that hour she should find the Padre Giacomo, her old confessor.

The interview with the padre, whether of confession or otherwise, lasted nearly an hour. When the Signora Petchi returned home, her form was more erect; there was a softer, more beautiful look still, on her handsome face.

It was evening. Little Nessa's casement window, about which the luscious grapes bobbed, was open. As lovely a view as that of the morning lay before it, for the moon now shown down in all its silver splendor upon the orange-groves and vine-clad hills, but little Nessa no longer looked upon them. Her heart was far too sad for even nature to soothe. She sat back in the room out of the moonbeams, her usually busy hands now idly in her lap, her olive cheek tear-stained, her brain dazed and all confused save for one knowledge, that ate into her very soul—she was never again to see Francesco.

Oh, it seemed too terrible—to impossible; but it was so—she knew it; nothing could change it now! How slowly—slowly the hours sped! When had those pretty, plump hands been so long idle before? It is hard for the fingers to work when the heart is rent by tears.

Old Marta had peeped in once or twice, and though Nessa had brightened up then, yet she had seen something was wrong with the child, and had wondered what it was.

The moon had sailed higher, inundating the garret with its light, when there was a

quick step on the stair, a tap at the door, and then—was it a dream?—Francesco, radiant and joyous, himself was in the room. Another moment, he held her in his arms—he was kissing her, yes, kissing her as he cried:

"My little Nessa—my little wife that is to be! Yes, mine—mine!"

"No—no!" said Nessa frightened, trembling, hysterical, trying to thrust him back with her hands. "You must not! Ah! the signora promised me——"

"That he should no longer trouble you, little one. Neither shall he, I trust, for he has come from me to ask you to say—yes. He brings with him my consent."

Nessa looked past Francesco, and there—oh, it must be a dream!—stood the beautiful Signora Petchi in the silver moonlight, smiling at her.

"Oh, it is a dream!" she murmured. "In a moment I shall awaken and you all will vanish!"

"Not I, little Nessa," laughed Francesco. 'Or if I do, I take you with me—mind that."

"It is no dream, little one," said the signora. "He is here to ask you with my consent, to be his wife. Will you not say 'Yes'?"

Is it difficult to guess what Nessa answered?

But why had the rich signora consented to her heir wedding the little lace-maker? Only she and the padre knew, but the reader may also.

Little Nessa's mother and the signora had been girls together, and bosom friends until the handsome young Signora Petchi appeared, and was struck by their beauty. Both had loved him, but his inclination leaned strongly towards Nessa's mother. Finding that, the now signora had concocted a false tale to turn his love, and by its means had won him from her rival.

In Nessa she had recognized the child of the once-loved friend whom she had wronged—a wrong which had been a thorn in her side amidst all her wealth. Touched by Nessa's nobleness, her beauty, so like her mother's—long sorrowing for her sin, and now penitent, she had carried her confession to the padre, whose suggestion, that she should seize the opportunity Heaven had sent her to expiate her past sin, had only too readily chimed in with the signora's own desire.

In Spite of Himself.

BY A. C. S.

HERE'S the man that'll show us how to do it! Come along, Lawrie, old fellow; you're just in time. We're trying this mare's paces, and you're the boy to show us what she can do. Up with you, and give us a touch of Mazeppa!"

Thus shouted a group of ruddy, stalwart young fellows of unmistakably sporting appearances, who were assembled in the stable yard of an old country house in one of the south-western counties.

Squire Merrifield, their host, had just bought a high-spirited young sorrel mare, as skittish and full of tricks as any filly, which had been very appropriately named "Coquette" by her new master. Her name had formerly been "Nightmare," but to this the squire strongly objected, arguing, with some show of reason, that a nightmare could not be shaken off by anybody, whereas his mare shook off everybody.

This last statement was certainly no more than the truth. Somehow or other, Coquette and her rider (whoever he might be) were pretty sure to part company before they had been very long together; and among her many victims was her late owner himself, who, resenting the broken head which he owed to her capriciousness, had got rid of her immediately after his mishap.

The same ill success had just attended one of the young Nimrods who had gathered around Coquette in the stable yard of Fairview Hall. Being a very fair horseman, he had backed himself to keep his saddle in spite of all that the mare could do to unseat him; but he soon found out that he had met his match. After a hard struggle, Coquette had the best of it, and Fred Fanshawe was laid sprawling on his back in the dust, from which he had just arisen when a fresh actor appeared on the scene.

This new comer was the "Lawrie" so vociferously greeted by the assembled sportsmen, to all of whom he seemed well known—a slim, handsome, well-dressed, rather effeminate-looking young fellow of two-and-twenty.

In spite of his slender frame and somewhat foppish appearance, Lawrence Berkeley was a fair pedestrain, a good shot, and something of a gymnast as well; and he had contrived to persuade himself that he was a good rider into the bargain. But his horses thought otherwise, and he had already paid for this delusion with more than one awkward fall.

Warned by these catastrophes, our hero had lately purchased a very quiet and well-broken beast, which he had brought with him to the Hall. On this safe "mount" he figured creditably enough, but two or three of his friends who were in the secret of his inferior horsemanship were constantly on the watch for a chance of getting some fun out of it. Such a chance as they thought, was now offered to them, and they lost no time in turning it to account.

"Come along, Berkeley!" cried one. "This fellow Fanshawe seems to think that nobody knows anything about riding except himself; but you'll show him a thing or two, won't you, old boy?"

"Be merciful to the poor beast, though," laughed another; "and don't run it right through with those spurs of yours. By Jove! they're big enough to roast a goose on!"

This last morsel of "chaff" was not wholly undeserved. Lawrence Berkeley always arrayed himself in the most ultra-sporting style, as if with a vague hope that his natty coat and cap and his irreproachable, "tops" might refuse the art of riding into him by some innate virtue of their own. But on this particular occasion his "get-up" was smarter than ever, and he had supplemented it with a pair of enormous Mexican spurs, at least twice as long as any worn in England, which their waggish owner (a friend for whose sporting knowledge our hero had a great respect) had mischievously persuaded him to wear.

Now it must be noted that one of the most objectionable habits of this formidable mare was a way which she had of suddenly assuming a meek and gentle air, and putting herself in attitude of perfect obedience so naturally as to deceive any one save an experienced jockey.

This was just what she did now; and thus, as Berkeley had not come up in time to witness her summary disposal of Fred Fanshawe, all that he saw was a seemingly quiet and well-trained animal, which his friends were inviting him to ride. Such an opportunity of making (as he thought) a safe and easy display of the horsemanship which he supposed himself to possess was just to his mind; and in a twinkling he had sprung into the saddle and seized the reins.

For a moment the capricious animal remained perfectly motionless, as if unconscious of her rider's very existence; for what made her pranks doubly dangerous was that she never gave the slightest warning of them before they came. And then (as a young Irish groom remarked with a grin) "the fun began in earnest."

In an instant all four feet of the sorrel were off the ground, and there followed a series of capers such as none of the spectators had ever seen before. She reared up on her hind legs till every one thought she must fall backward and crush her rider beneath her. She put her head down between her fore legs and lashed out behind till she made all the lookers on jump aside like galvanised frogs. She went through a series of "buckjumps" worthy of a genuine Australian, and performed a half a dozen antics, one worse than another, which—as one of the spectators admiringly remarked—"would have taken the shine out of a drunken grasshopper."

But, to the unbounded amazement of all who were aware of Berkeley's lack of horsemanship, and the great admiration of those who were not, our hero kept his seat, in defiance of all these wild gambols, as firmly as if (like Baron Munchausen's laurel bush) he had taken root in the horse's body.

Nothing that the sorrel could do availed to shake him in the least; and Fred Fanshawe stared astounded (as well he might) to see the beast that had thrown him mastered by a man whom he had never credited with being able to ride at all.

Berkeley's resistance seemed to infuriate the spirited mare, which grew more and more violent every moment. But for this, as well as for Lawrence's wonderful success in keeping his seat, there was a very good reason.

Our hero's long limbs, grasping closely the sides of his steed, had hitched the curved ends of his huge spurs into each other in such a way as to hold him on as firmly as if he had been strapped to the saddle.

Naturally enough the consequent pressure of the spurs against her flanks goaded the spirited mare to fury; and in her rage at finding herself unable to get rid of her tormentor, she suddenly made a frantic dash through the gate, and tore away madly over the open country beyond.

"By Jove! he'll be killed as sure as a gun!" cried Fred Fanshawe, glancing after him with a look of dismay.

"We must follow him at once!" shouted another man. "Come along, sharp!"

And in a trice they were all mounted, and dashing at full speed after their luckless comrade, who was indeed "giving them a touch of Mazeppa" in a way of which he had dreamed.

Meanwhile Berkeley was having such a gallop as he had never had before. The maddened sorrel flew like an arrow "o'er hedge and ditch, through swamp and stream" like the spectre horse of the old ballad; and Lawrence, unable to free himself, and knowing that he must certainly break a limb if the mare were to fall with him, did not enjoy his ride quite so much as he might have done.

He was just beginning to give himself up for lost, and to vow that if he could but escape this time, he would leave horses alone for the rest of his life, when the affair took an unexpected turn.

Coquette had rushed recklessly into a patch of deep and boggy ground, the soft, clinging mire of which (wherein she sank almost up to her haunches) effectually checked her speed; and by the time she had struggled through it she was glad enough to stand still.

In the meantime Lawrence had at length succeeded in unclenching, by a desperate effort, his interlocked spur wheels, thus relieving the mare from their irritating pressure; and then, finding that his "fiery, untamed steed" was pretty thoroughly tamed for the time being, he rode back towards the Hall at a leisurely pace. But he was barely half-way thither when a loud shout made him turn his head, and he saw coming up at a rapid rate the whole party of his friends, who, delighted at finding him still alive and unhurt, surrounded him with shouts of boisterous welcome, and praised him up to the skies for his skill and courage, having no suspicion whatever of the real truth.

The most singular part of the whole story, however, was that this rough experience actually made a horseman of Lawrence Berkeley after all. What with the scare given him by his perilous ride, and what with his wish to sustain the credit which his mastery of the redoubtable Coquette had learned him, our hero thenceforth applied himself with such energy to the improving of his horsemanship that he eventually became quite as good a rider as any of those who had formerly laughed at him.

GOOD AND SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Next to pure religion in the heart, and a firm trust in the promised mercy of the Lord, there is nothing more likely to keep off pestilence than personal and household cleanliness, and perfect temperance in all things. Many poor people are personally dirty. Many little trouble they may be quite clean.

Many idle women keep their houses in such a state of filthiness, that it is dangerous to the health to enter, whilst their families are in rags, when a little care would keep their garments whole. This in almost every case arises from idleness and intemperance.

Sometimes poor people keep themselves, their houses, and their families in a filthy state to excite pity and to obtain charity; but I can tell them, from a very long experience, that they most frequently miss their object. There is no commiseration for filth. There is water enough to be obtained; and a clean, tidy house, a neat personal appearance, a well-patched and darned and mended dress will go further with every right-minded individual to excite his charitable feelings than the most squalid appearance arising from dirt and rags.

Believe me that I am perfectly right in what I now say. I have come to this conclusion from long observation; I know it by my own feelings, and the same has been expressed to me many times by others.

Let me repeat it, that, under God, the best preventive of contagion is a calm mind firmly fixed upon the mercy, faithfulness, and truth of our Heavenly Father; and next to that, personal and household cleanliness, a little lime and whitewashing the walls of your cottages, plenty of water for the floors, and a good current of fresh air.

R. W. Y.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE BLACK STONE.—The "black stone of Mecca" is contained in a small oratory of the Temple of the Caaba at Mecca. It is held in the utmost veneration by Mohammedans as having been giving by an angel to Abraham.

THE HAIR.—A German man of science has taken four heads of hair of equal weight, and then proceeded to count the individual hairs. One was of the red variety, and it was found to contain 90,000 hairs. Next comes the black, with 103,000, hairs to its credit. The brown has 109,000, and the blonde 140,000.

STARVING.—Such a thing as a starving man is unknown in Burmah. Charity is a leading doctrine of the Buddhist faith, and people are generous to a fault. If a man cannot get a dinner anywhere else, he has only to turn into a monastery, and he will have enough and to spare, and not a question or a penny will be asked.

IRON.—The ancient Egyptians believed that iron was the bone of Typhon, the enemy of Osiris, and for this reason it was considered impure. No one could make use of it even for the most ordinary requirements of life without polluting his soul in a way that would cause him harm, both on earth and in the other world.

GINGERBREAD.—Our homely every-day luxury—gingerbread—has been used since the fourteenth century. It was then prepared with rye-meal, and ginger and other spices, with sugar or honey, were kneaded into it. It was introduced into England by the Court of Henry IV., and soon brought into general use. "To take the gilt off the gingerbread" was a common proverb, and in the old country booths, glittering with their rude devices in gingerbread, are still seen in many countries to this day.

DO BIRDS LIKE COLORS?—In order to test both the intelligence and the color sense of birds, Dr. Abbott once placed several woollen threads—red, yellow, green, purple and grey—near a tree in which a pair of Baltimore orioles were building their nest. Except in point of color, the pieces of yarn were exactly alike, and their number was the same, but the red and yellow were intentionally placed on the top to attract attention. It was found that the birds used all the grey and a little of the purple, the bright colors being shunned as likely to make their home too conspicuous.

AT THE TABLE.—In Berlin a new experiment, that of serving a dinner party with salad grown under the guest's own eyes, was successfully tried at the house of Prince and Princess Blucher recently. Here is the recipe: "Take good germinating lettuce seed and soak it in alcohol for about six hours; sow it into an equal mixture of rich soil and unslacked lime, and place it on the table. After the soup, water it with lukewarm water, whereupon it commences to sprout immediately." At the prince's party the thing worked like a charm, and the lettuces, when plucked and prepared for eating, were the size of Barcelona nuts.

OUTWITTING THE POST OFFICE.—Before the penny post was established in 1840, the rates of postage were so dear that many plans were tried to outwit the Post Office. According to Mr. Wilson Hyde, sometimes a message was conveyed by pricking with a pin a series of words in the printed matter of a newspaper. Other folk used milk on a newspaper as an invisible ink, the message becoming legible when the paper was held to the fire. Then soldiers were often persuaded to take their friends' letters as if they were their own to their officers to get them franked, that is, sent free under the signature of the officers. Again, in defiance of the law, public carriers took letters from place to place, done up in brown paper parcels to defy detection. Indeed, so numerous were the carriers that the Post Office employed a special staff called "Apprehenders of Letter Carriers," to track the men who thus broke the law. These abuses were cured by cheap rates.

"Ah, old fellow," said a gentleman, meeting another in the street, "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife."

"I have, indeed," was the reply; "she is so accomplished! Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature; at home in music; at home in art, at home in science—in short, at home everywhere, except——"

"Except what?"

"Except at home."

THAT NIGHT.

BY S. U. W.

I did not dream that night we said "good-bye"
Our parting meant divided lives for aye.
Perchance my words had been more gently kind,
My voice more soft and low had I in mind
A day when such a weary, longing pain
Would fill my heart to see your face again.

To feel once more your welcome presence near,
To glance up from my work and find you here,
E'en as I picture you at times to be,
To feel again the generous sympathy
You gave so willingly, nor dreamed how glad
Praise made my heart, your words of blame how sad.

But I, a woman, could not speak my heart, you know.
How could you tell that I should miss you so,
When all my inmost thoughts I kept concealed?
But, oh! I know my love had been revealed
In one deep, longing, yearning cry, could I
Have known, alas! that night we said "good-bye?"

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "OWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

LESLIE watched beside him till he fell into a deep, deathlike sleep; then she stole downstairs and sent for a doctor. A young man from one of the neighboring squares came, and though he was young he was not foolish. A glance at the sleeping man told him the sad truth.

"Have you—has your father any relations, any friends who—whom he would like to see?" he asked gently.

"Leslie, kneeling beside the bed, looked up at him with sharp and sudden dread in her eyes.

"Do you—do you mean—? Oh, what is it you mean?" she moaned.

The doctor laid his hand upon her shoulder. "The truth is always best, always," he said gently. "Your father has suffered a severe shock; the heart——" He stopped. "For his sake try and be calm, my dear young lady."

Leslie knelt beside him all through the night, and all through the long hours her conscience whispered accusingly, "It is you—you, who have done it. But for you he would have gone on dreaming and living; but for you—and Yorke!"

Towards dawn Francis Lisle awoke. The doctor was standing beside the bed, Leslie on her knees.

He raised his wan, wasted face from the pillow and seemed to be looking for something; then his eyes rested on her anguished ones, and he knew her and forced a smile.

"Is—is that you, Leslie?" he said, in so low a voice that she had to lay her face against his to hear him. "Is that you? I have had a singular dream. Most singular!"

"What—what was it, dear?" she said at last.

He smiled again.

"I dreamt that my picture had been refused by the Academy. Absurd, wasn't it? Fancy them refusing one of my pictures. Mine! Francis Lisle's! Ridiculous as it is, it—it upset me. I—I must be out of sorts. There is only one thing for that kind of complaint: Work. Get—get a fresh canvas stretched for me, Leslie, and I will commence a new picture. Let me see, what did we get for the last? Three thousand pounds, wasn't it?"

"Yes, yes, dear?" she murmured.

"A large sum, a large sum, but not half what we shall get. Fame, fame and fortune at last, Leslie! I always told you it would come."

He put out his wasted hand and smoothed her hair lovingly—and, alas! patronizingly. "Always knew it would come, Leslie! Art is long and—and life is brief. I must work hard now fame and success have brought me the victor's laurels. How dark it is—" the sunlight was streaming through the window—"how dark! Too dark to commence to-day; but to-morrow, Leslie dear, to-morrow——" His voice grew fainter and ceased. The doctor bent over him, then stood upright and laid his hand upon Leslie's shoulder with a touch that told her all.

Francis Lisle had gone to the land where to-morrow and to-day are swallowed up in Eternity.

* * * * * *

If ever a man was in earnest, Yorke, Viscount Auchester, was. He was going to marry Leslie! The thought dwelt with him all the way up to town, hovered about him as he lay awake throughout nearly the whole night, and came to him in the morning with a joy exceeding description.

To marry Leslie!

What had he done to deserve such happiness, such bliss, he asked himself as he hurried through his tub and dressing? And while he ate his breakfast in a feverish restless kind of haste, he pictured and planned out their future; a future to be spent side by side till death, and death alone, parted them.

They would leave London immediately after the marriage, and cross the channel. Perhaps they'd stay for a while in Paris; but only for a few days. It would be too big and noisy for such bliss as theirs. No, he would take her to some quiet spot in Normandy; perhaps to Rouen, that delightful old-world town with its magnificent churches and historic streets. Why, he could see themselves standing arm in arm in the vast cathedral, listening reverently to the grand service; he could see Leslie's face with the sweet gravity in her lovely eyes, and the half pensive and yet happy smile on her pure lips. He fancied her by his side looking up at the carved gables of the quaint houses; or seated at one of the little marble tables at the Cafe Blanc, with its shining copper vessels and glittering glass. Then they could go on into Germany; up the Rhine. How delightful to have her beside him as the steamer toiled against the stream and the delicious panorama unfolded itself mile by mile! Then, if they chose, there was Switzerland and Italy. There was Lucerne, for instance. How she would delight in Lucerne, with its marvellous lake, in which old Pilatus shadows himself, with its famous bridge spanning the emerald Reuss; with its snug cathedral in which the wonderful organ surges and wails as no other organ can surge and wail, save that of honored Milan.

Happy! He would make her happy or know the reason why! He would devote every hour of his life, every particle of his by no means gigantic intellect to the effort to prove how dearly he loved her.

He sat for a little while after breakfast making a mental plan of his procedure. He would have to act prudently and warily. No hint of what he was about to do must be allowed to get out. If his numerous creditors, Jew and Gentile, had the least suspicion that he was about to marry a penniless angel instead of Lady Eleanor Dallas the heiress, they would swoop down upon him. No, he would be very cautious.

He had gone round to Mr. Arnheim, the dealer, on the evening before, immediately he had reached London, and was very cautious with him; giving him to understand that he merely wanted a small picture of Mr. Lisle's, and asking Mr. Arnheim in quite a casual way to write and ask Mr. Lisle whether he would accept a commission.

"Don't mention my name, please," he said; and Mr. Arnheim had smiled and shaken his head.

Yorke went away quite confident that the vaguest of letters from the great dealer would bring Francis Leslie post haste to London; and, as we know, he was right.

Then he went down to Doctors' Commons, and inquired about the licence.

He knew no more about the business than the veriest schoolboy; but he had a vague idea that you could buy a license somewhere in that strange locality, and that armed with that he could marry Leslie right away at once. At once! The thought sent the blood rushing to his handsome face, and made St. Paul's Cathedral, hard by which is Doctors' Commons, waver before his eyes.

A seedy-looking gentleman led him to the Faculty office where the mystic licence was to be obtained, and a grave and sedate clerk got off a high stool at a desk and put several questions to Yorke, who for the first time in his life—or the second, perhaps, for he was nervous when he had asked Leslie to be his wife—felt embarrassed and agitated.

"Is it an ordinary licence you require, or a special?" asked the clerk.

Yorke looked doubtful.

"What is the difference?" he asked, almost shyly, and struggling with an actual blush.

The clerk eyed him with cold superiority.

"By an ordinary licence," he explained, "you can marry in the church of the parish in which one of the parties resides; and only there. And he or she must have resided there fifteen days. With a special licence you can marry in a particular church without having resided in the parish fifteen days; but you would have to give sufficient reasons for requiring this special licence."

Yorke stared at the dingy floor while he thought the matter out.

He knew of a quiet little church near Bury street—a "little church around the corner," so to speak, to which he and Leslie could go, the morning after her arrival in London; and with no one but the parson, the clerk, and pew-opener the wiser. Yes, an ordinary licence would do, he said.

The clerk inclined his head—just as if he were a shopman selling gloves!—and went off to another clerk at another desk, and presently appeared with an affidavit.

"What's this? the licence?" said Yorke.

"No. You will have to swear to this. I shall have to ask you to accompany me to the next office, to a solicitor. You have to swear that the parties are of age, and that one of you has resided in the parish fifteen days. You are prepared to do so, I presume?"

It is to be feared that Yorke was prepared to do anything to obtain his Leslie, and he was led off—he felt like a criminal of the deepest dye—to another dingy office, and there repeated the oath gabbled out by the solicitor. Then he returned to the proctor's office, and, after waiting a quarter of an hour, the clerk handed him a document.

"What have I got to pay?" asked Yorke, prepared for a demand, say, of fifty pounds. "Only two pounds two and sixpence!" he said, with a surprise that made even that solemn clerk smile.

Only two pounds two and sixpence for the privilege of marrying Leslie! He stood and gazed at the mystic document, and laughed aloud, so that the seedy man who had conducted him to the office eyed him rather fearfully, and pocketing the half-sovereign Yorke gave him, scrambled off, fully convinced that the young man was mad.

And indeed he could scarcely be considered in full possession of his senses that day. Nearly every hour he took out that precious licence and read it through, or gazed at the imposing coat of arms at the top, and the Archbishop's signature at the bottom; and every time put it away again in his breast coat pocket. He patted the coat to feel that the document was there safe and sound.

From Doctors' Commons he walked to the Dorchester Club.

Everybody knows that aristocratic institution. It is not so magnificent as some of the modern political clubs; some of them are palaces compared with which those of the Cæsars were very small potatoes; it had no marble entrance-hall and oak-panelled dining-room, and its smoking-room was not as vast as a church; but it was snug and comfortable, and excellent to a degree. You had to have your name down on the list of candidates full fifteen or twenty years before you could hope to be balloted in, and some fathers put their sons down when they were eighteen months old.

Yorke was well known at the club, and the hall porter in his glass box bowed to him with a mixture of respect and recognition which he accorded to a very few of the members.

"There are no letters for me, Stephens, I suppose?" said Yorke.

"No, my lord, none."

"Ah, well, I expect one or a telegram directly," said Yorke, trying to speak casually. "If it comes just send into the smoking-room, or dining-room, or drawing-room, in fact, and see if I'm in the club. I want it directly it comes, you understand."

"Certainly, my lord," was the response. "If your lordship is in the club when the letter arrives I will see that you have it at once."

Yorke sauntered into the drawing-room and took up a paper; but he did not see a word of the page he gazed at. He was calculating how soon that letter could possibly reach him.

Then he went out, and making his way to Regent street examined the shop windows carefully, and ultimately made several purchases.

He bought a lady's ulster, a wonderful garment of camel's hair, soft as lambs' wool and as warm, with cuffs that could be let down over the hands, and a hood that could be drawn completely over the head.

No lady with this marvellous ulster on could be cold, even while crossing the channel, where, as everybody knows, it is possible to be frozen even on a summer's night. He also bought a travelling rug of Scotch tweed.

Then he sauntered into the park till lunch-time, when he went back to the club. He knew that no letter could be waiting for him, and yet he could not help glancing inquiringly at the porter, who faintly smiled and respectfully shook his head.

One or two acquaintances dropped in while he was eating his lunch at a side table, and they gathered round him and plied him with eager invitations to join them in a driving trip to Richmond; but he shook his head.

"Better come, Auchester," said one young fellow. "Jolly afternoon! Besides, a friend of yours is of the party."

"Who is that?" asked Yorke with polite indifference.

Drive to Richmond when he wanted to be alone to think of Leslie and all that license in his breast coat pocket meant! Not likely.

"Why, Finetta," said the young fellow. "She has promised, if we get her back in time for the theatre."

Yorke shook his head, and while he was doing it Lord Vinson strolled up.

"What's that about Finetta and Richmond?" he inquired. "Afraid you'll be disappointed. Just been up there," he drawled. "She's vamoosed the ranche, sloped off somewhere, and isn't going to dance to-night. Know where she's gone, Auchester?"

"No," said Yorke, and he answered very quietly. Poor Fin! was she taking the breaking off of their friendship to heart after all?

"Strikes me Mademoiselle Fin is playing it rather low down on an indulgent public!" grumbled the young fellow who had arranged the outing, and as he sauntered off with the rest he remarked in a low voice, "Shouldn't be surprised if Auchester had arranged to take her somewhere; they're awfully thick, you know, and she'd throw over anything for him."

After lunch Yorke went to Bury street, and with his own hands packed a portmanteau or two.

Then he went back to the club, for though he knew no telegram could have arrived, he felt constrained to be there in waiting, so to speak, and dined quietly and in solitude, and afterwards he walked by the park railings to Notting Hill and round the quiet squares, and was happy thinking of Leslie and the days that lay before them, the delicious, glorious days when they two should be one—man and wife. Man and wife!

He went to bed early that night and slept soundly, so soundly that he was rather later than he meant to be at breakfast, and he hurried over that meal and made his way to the Dorchester with a fast-beating heart.

There might possibly be a telegram for him. But the porter said no, nothing had come for his lordship, and Yorke, too disappointed to make a pretence of looking at the papers, went out and stood on the broad steps and stared up and down Pall Mall.

Arnheim had promised to wire the night Yorke had seen him; there had been time for the Lisles to get up to London, time for Leslie to wire. Well, he would be patient and not worry. But, Heaven and earth, what should he do with himself while he was waiting for that telegram! He was so wrapped up in the thought of meeting his darling that he could not endure the distraction of even exchanging greetings with his acquaintances. He could not go to Finetta's—never again!—or Lady Eleanor's. He wanted to be alone, alone with his thoughts. What should he do? Was there anything else he could buy? As the question crossed his mind the answer flashed upon him and made him almost start.

Why, there was the ring! He had not bought that yet. What an idiot he was! Even with a licence, you could not be married without a ring. He went straight off to Bond street, to the jewelers of whom he had purchased the diamond pendant and the plain gold locket, and stood for a minute or two outside looking at the things in the window.

He would have a keeper as well as a plain wedding ring. He would get the prettiest and "solidest" they'd got. He gazed at the rows of diamond ornaments, for the first time in his life covetously. Ah, if he were only the Duke of Rothbury, as she thought him, what things he would buy for her! Notwithstanding that, if he were the duke he would have the great Rothbury diamonds, those gems which were supposed to rank next to the Crown jewels, and they would be hers, his duchess's; yet, all the same, he would buy

her all sorts of pretty things. As the heathen loves to deck his idol, so he, Yorke, would love to deck his idol with all that this world counted good and precious.

Regarding that masquerade of his, that sailing under false colors, he thought that Leslie would neither be very disappointed nor angry.

"It is me she loves," he told himself with a proudly swelling heart. "And it will not matter what I am or am not. But all the same I wish that idea had not occurred to poor old Dolph."

All this was passing through his mind as he was standing outside the well-known shop in Bond street. Everybody knows it, and everybody knows that the street is rather narrow just where the shop is situated, and at that moment it happened that one of the many blocks of the day occurred, and that a neatly appointed brougham was brought to a standstill very nearly opposite the jeweler's shop.

It was a charming little brougham, one of those costly toys which only very wealthy people can indulge in. The interior was lined with Russian leather, the cushions of sage plush; there was a clock in ormolu and turquoise and a delightful little reading lamp, fan and scent case, and china what-not basket.

It was the brougham which took the celebrated Finetta to and from the Diadem; the brougham of which the newspapers have given an elaborate account, and in it was no less a personage than Finetta herself. She was leaning back against the eiderdown cushions, her handsome face pale, with purplish rings rounds her dark eyes. She looked as if she was half worn out by excitement and physical fatigue.

She had been lying with closed eyes till the block and stoppage came, then she opened her eyes and asked listlessly—

"What is it?"

"It's a block," said Polly who sat beside her. "There's a carriage and a butcher's cart in front, a swell carriage——"

Finetta leant forward listlessly, then her listlessness changed, fled rather.

"It's—it's Lady Eleanor Dallas," she said between her teeth.

"Oh," said Polly; "is it? Well, I wish they'd get on, and—oh!" The exclamation escaped her lips unawares, and Finetta, following the direction of Polly's eyes, saw Yorke standing gazing in at the shop window.

She uttered a faint cry and fell back, clutching Polly's arm.

"It's him!" she breathed.

"Lord Auchester. I know it is!" said the matter-of-fact Polly. "Well, you needn't start as if you'd got the jumps."

"What is he doing there, what is he going to buy?" said Finetta in a low and agitated voice.

Polly jerked down the blind.

"Don't make a perfect fool of yourself, Fin," she ventured to remonstrate. "What's it matter to you what Lord Yorke is doing or going to buy? He and you have done with each other——"

"Have we!" between the set teeth. "Much you know about it!"

"Well, if you haven't, you ought to have done. "Oh, I wasn't deaf the other night when he was telling you about the girl he had fallen in love with and was going to marry; I heard enough to put two and two together. And I tell you what it is, Fin: you are making yourself a perfect idiot over that young man, and all for no good. Why, you've been away from the Diadem for two nights, and though I suppose you think I don't know where you've been, why I can guess. You're been dogging him down in the country somewhere——"

"Hold your tongue," said Finetta, her eyes still fixed, through a chink beside the silk blind, on Yorke.

"Yes, I can hold my tongue; but I'm talking for your good. Here you've been away for two days, goodness knows where, though I can guess, as I say, and you come back looking more dead than alive, and no more fit to dance to-night than I am."

"What is it he is buying? Something for her?" said Finetta almost to herself.

"What's it matter to you? You and he have done with each other, I tell you," said sensible Polly. "You let Lord Auchester alone, and forget him. You bet your life he's forgotten you by this time," and she ventured on a short laugh.

Finetta turned on her.

"Forgotten me, has he? What did he send me his portrait in a locket and that letter for, then? You hold your tongue! Tell the man to drive to Piccadilly and then back again!"

Her face was flushed, her eyes shining with a feverish light in their purple rings.

"Well, if anyone had told me that you—you, Fin—would make such a fool of yourself over a man, I'd have given them the lie," remarked Polly after she had delivered the directions to the coachman.

Finetta fell back.

"Sneer on," she said in a low voice. "You don't understand, and, what's more, you never will. Is there anyone in the carriage opposite? Is—is Lady Eleanor in it?"

Polly peered out.

"I can't see," she said, "the blinds are down."

But though she could not see her, Lady Eleanor was in the carriage, and she was looking, as Finetta was, at the stalwart young man in front of the jeweler's window. And her face was quite as pale as Finetta's. Should she open the window and call to him? She longed to do so, and yet something, some vague presentiment, kept her from doing so. She watched him, her heart beating with love, until the block had melted away and the carriage had moved on, then she pulled the check string and, when the footman got down, said—

"Drive to Oxford street, and then come back here, please."

Meanwhile, all unconscious that these two women were watching him, Yorke went into the shop.

"I want to look at some rings," he said to the man who bowed to him with an air of respectful recognition. It happened to be the same man who had served him the other day.

"Fancy rings, my lord?"

"No, no," said Yorke, trying to speak in the most ordinary and casual way, and feeling very much as he had felt while procuring the license. "Er—wedding and keeper rings."

"What size, my lord?"

Yorke looked with a start of perplexity.

"Size?" he repeated vaguely, as he mentally called himself an idiot for not having measured Leslie's finger. "Oh, a small size. I don't quite know. Yes, quite a small size. Here, I'll take two or three. They're all alike, I suppose?"

"Some heavier than the others, my lord."

"All right; give me the heaviest. And the keeper—isn't that what it's called?"

"Yes, my lord; it keeps the wedding ring in its place, you see."

"I see," said Yorke. "Well, I'll have one or two of these, the smaller ones; put this one in," and he picked out one set with pearls and turquoise. "I'll send back those I don't keep."

He tried to slip them on his little finger, but they would not go farther than the first joint, and he laid them down with a smile. In a few hours, perhaps, he would be placing them on his darling's finger; his wife's!

The shopman put the rings in a box, and Yorke stowed them away carefully, very carefully, in an inner pocket, and went out, still dreaming of the hour when he should stand before the altar of the quiet little church of St. James'.

Two or three minutes afterwards the dainty brougham pulled up at the shop door, and Finetta entered.

She was as well known to the jeweler as was Lord Auchester, and, if possible, he made her a more respectful and elaborate bow; she was a good customer, and, like most people in her position, she liked a great show of respect. So he leant forward and placed a chair for her, and with another bow asked what he could have the honor of doing for her. Finetta's large dark eyes wandered over the counter with a feigned indifference and listlessness.

"I only want a small present," she said.

"Yes, madam. For a gentleman?" and he made for a tray of silver cigarette cases and similar articles. Finetta looked at them, but kept the corners of her eyes fixed on the trays which had been on the glass counter when she entered.

"What pretty rings!" she said, taking up a jeweled keeper. "They almost tempt one to get married."

The man smiled sympathetically.

"I suppose the bridegroom always chooses the rings," she said with seeming carelessness. "Now, I wonder which of these most men would choose?"

The man fingered the rings lightly.

"Some one, some another, madam," he replied. "The gentleman who has just gone out chose one like this."

Finetta's face was pale already, but it seemed to blanch, and the ring fell from her hand and rolled along the counter.

"Lord Auchester was buying a wedding ring and keeper!" she said involuntarily.

As the words left her lips, a lady had entered the shop, and she heard them as plainly as if they had been addressed to her; and they took an instantaneous and extraordinary effect. She let the door slip, and put her hand to her heart, and so stood gazing with a strange expression in her eyes from Finetta to the man.

It was a dramatic moment. The two women stood silent and motionless, regarding each other with a world of meaning in their eyes. Finetta, still eyeing Lady Eleanor, went on—

"It was Lord Auchester who bought the ring?"

The jeweler smiled deprecatingly.

"Well, as you saw, madam, it is no breach of confidence. It was his lordship." Then he looked towards Lady Eleanor, and, bowing, placed a chair for her.

Finetta rose; her face was still white, her full lips pale and trembling.

"I—I will come in again," she said, and moved towards the door; then she stopped and swaying forward rather than stepping, leant towards Lady Eleanor.

"I want to speak to you," she said abruptly and hoarsely.

Lady Eleanor shrank back and eyed her haughtily.

"I—I—" she began, but her voice seemed to fail her.

"You'd better not refuse, for—for your own sake!" said Finetta, hissed it, rather. "You—you know me——"

Lady Eleanor tried to look a denial, but the effort failed as the effort to speak had done.

"And I know you," went on Finetta, still in the low, husky, agitated voice. "What I have to say concerns you. You'd better not refuse!"

Lady Eleanor looked round as if seeking some means of escape, then rose, hesitated a moment, her white teeth catching at her lip, and followed Finetta to the end of the long shop, the jeweler discreetly keeping out of earshot, and respectfully waiting until his customers had finished their conference. He saw that something was happening; but his well-trained face was absolutely impassive.

Lady Eleanor stood turned sideways to Finetta, her haughty lids half lowered, but her lips trembling. If anyone that morning had told her that Finetta of the Diadem would dare to address her, and that she would consent to listen to her for one single moment, she would have laughed the idea to scorn. And yet here she was actually waiting for what the woman had to say.

Finetta's bosom was heaving with the effort at self-control. She could not help admiring Lady Eleanor's self-possession, while she hated her; and she tried to imitate her.

"You heard what the man said," she said at last, in a low, shaken voice.

Lady Eleanor's haughty lids moved slightly in assent.

"Well!" said Finetta, with a kind of gasp, "it's true!"

Lady Eleanor made the faintest movement with her hand. It seemed to say—

"If it is, what is it to do with me—or you?" and Finetta understood her.

A hot flush passed over her handsome face.

"You mean it's no business of mine. Well—" she drew a long breath, "perhaps it isn't. But it is of yours, or people make a great mistake when they say he is going to marry you."

Lady Eleanor's face crimsoned with humiliation, and she made as if to leave the place at once; but Finetta put out her hand, and Lady Eleanor stepped back as if the touch would contaminate her.

"I—I cannot listen to you—I have nothing to say," she said in a labored voice. "You have no right to speak to me—I do not know you—have no wish——"

Finetta's teeth came together with a click.

"Very well, go then!" she exclaimed vindictively. "Go! Do you think it's any pleasure to me to speak to you? Do you think I'd have spoken to you if it hadn't been for his sake?"

Lady Eleanor winced.

"You treat me like the dirt under your feet, you won't stoop to listen to what I've got to say, though it should save him from ruin. And you call yourself his friend! A pretty friend! I've heard you swells have got no heart, and I should think it's true, judging by you!" Her breath came fiercely. "Go! Why don't you go?"

Lady Eleanor looked at the door and then at the white working face and flashing eyes; and remained.

She drew her light wrap round her and held it with a clenched hand.

"Say what you have to say quickly," she said, and her voice was thick and husky. "You are right; I am a friend of Lord Auchester's, if it is he whom you mean."

Finetta eyed her with a touch of scorn in her flashing eyes.

"You know it is him. Friend! I should think you were! Do you think I didn't see you start when you came in, and do you think I didn't see how you're trembling and shaking? Bah! with all your acting you wouldn't be worth much on the stage. I tell you what the man said is true. Yorke Auchester has bought his wedding ring, and he'll use it unless you can prevent it!"

Lady Eleanor's face was like a mask, but her eyelids quivered.

"I've done my best—or worst," went on Finetta, and she laughed harshly. "I've seen the girl and tried to put a spoke in her wheel, and I thought I'd succeeded; but it seems I haven't——"

"You have seen her?" escaped Lady Eleanor's lips.

"Yes!" said Finetta. "Did you think it was me he was going to marry?" Her lips twitched. "It's a young girl down in the country, at a forsaken place called Portmaris."

"Portmaris?" Lady Eleanor breathed.

"Yes. Quite a young girl, a country girl, a mere nobody, and not a swell like you; though she's what you call a lady," she added.

Lady Eleanor sank into a chair and sat with tightly clasped hands. The shock of this sudden news had caused her to forget that the woman who was speaking to her was Finetta, the dancing girl at the Diadem, the girl with whom Yorke Auchester had been so intimately friendly.

Finetta looked down at her with a bitter smile. She had brought this haughty aristocrat to her knees, at any rate.

"How she must love him!" she thought. "How we both love him!" and she ground her teeth.

Lady Eleanor, with her eyes downcast, asked after a pause—

"What is her name?"

"Leslie Lisle," replied Finetta. "She's as pretty and—and fresh as—as a flower; and when I told her that—that——"

Lady Eleanor looked up.

"What did you tell her?" she asked, in a low, husky voice.

Finetta flushed sullenly.

"Well, it doesn't matter. I thought that what I'd told her would break it off between him and her; but it hasn't, or he wouldn't be buying the wedding ring. They are going to be married secretly, and at once; and now what are you going to do, my lady?"

Lady Eleanor looked before her vacantly. Her heart was aching, burning with jealousy and the terror of despair. She shook her head.

"I daresay you wonder why I spoke to you, why I tell you this, seeing—seeing that it can't matter to me who he marries?" said Finetta, with a flush.

Lady Eleanor glanced at her.

"Yes; why did you speak to me?" she said indistinctly.

Finetta bit her lip.

"I don't know, and that's the truth," she admitted. "The news knocked me over, and—and I was flurried. And besides—well, two heads are better than one, and——"

Lady Eleanor understood. This dancing girl meant that she was not afraid of Lord Auchester's marrying her, Lady Eleanor, but that she was terribly afraid that he would marry this girl in the country, this Leslie Lisle.

She rose.

"I can say nothing. I am not Lord Auchester's keeper. If he chooses to marry a dairy maid—or worse—it is his business."

Finetta watched her keenly.

"But all the same, you'll do all you can to prevent it," she said sharply, and with an air of conviction. She had caught a significant gleam in the proud eyes.

Lady Eleanor turned pale, stood a moment as if waiting to see if Finetta had anything more to say, then with a slight inclination of her head passed out of the shop.

She walked proudly and haughtily enough to her brougham, but when she had got inside her manner changed, and she covered her face with her hands, and cowered in the corner, trembling and moaning.

Yorke going to marry! Going to marry beneath him, too! He had passed her over for some country wench, some nobody beneath him in rank, utterly unworthy of him. It tortured her. What should she do? What could be done? She asked herself this as the carriage rolled on homewards, and for a time no answer came; then suddenly she started and pulled the check string.

"The nearest telegraph office," she said to the footman.

There was only one person who could help her, even if he would, which was doubtful. She sent a telegram to Ralph Duncombe.

"Can you come and see me at once on important business?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUT IN THE RAIN.

BY A. B.

When lamps are lighted, and the hearth
With homely cheer grows bright and warm,
And in the lulls of childish mirth
We hear the driving of the storm,
O, many a mother-heart is wrung
With sudden sharp and bitter pain—
The aching thought of one among
The little graves out in the rain.

'Tis vain to chide the seeming doubt—
To preach submission, faith, and trust;
The mother-heart will cling about
That little heap of precious dust!
Safe in the fold, she can but know,
Her lambs are past all harm and pain;
But, ah! she dreads the winter snow,
The dreary beating of the rain!

The Captain's Story.

BY R. H.

FROM cabin-boy to master, all my life has been spent in the service of the same firm of ship-owners, but, unlike most of those who follow my calling, I have met with few adventures, the most noteworthy event in my career being that which I am about to narrate.

Towards the close of the year 1884, I was seated in the snug cabin of my ship, the "Ocean Queen," which lay at anchor in the Mersey, ready to be towed out to sea the first thing in the morning, bound for New York.

It was a wild, wet night in September, and above me I could hear the whish-whish of the driving rain and the whooping of the wind in the rigging.

I was painfully interested in a newspaper article I was reading, which gave an account of the finding of the dead body of old Captain Anson, half-dressed, in his bath-tub, on the previous morning. He had been discovered, face downwards, in the water, which was only a few inches deep, strangled to death. As a leg of his trousers was rolled up, it was supposed that he had been finishing his bath by stooping and washing his feet, which position probably caused a fit, when he fell.

I was surprised to hear of his death in this way, for I had known the captain, who was an old friend of mine, to be a man of robust health, and very active for one of his years.

In the course of his roving sea-life, he had passed through many strange adventures and dangers. He had also had some war experience; had been a midshipman at the time of the Crimean war; had been promoted for good conduct; and had commanded a gun-boat on the African coast, when he had captured and destroyed many slavers.

Strange, indeed, it seemed that a man who had escaped so many grave perils, should, after all, be drowned in the six or seven inches of water in the bath-tub!

"Captain!" roared my first mate, Mr. Thompson, at the companionway, "here's a young fellow, in a shore-boat, to ship."

"Ship?" I cried, in astonishment. "What on earth could have sent anyone away off here to ship at such a time? Tell him we have all the men we want."

The stranger, however, gliding past the mate, came, all dripping wet, into the cabin, and stood before me.

Never had I seen a handsomer or trimmer looking youth. His deeply-embrowned face, his attire, and a way he had of supporting one leg on the ball of the foot, made me pretty sure he was a sailor. He held his Scotch cap in his hand, and the water trickled from his short ringlets down cheeks as smooth as a girl's. His eyes were round, and of a soft, deep blue; but, looking straight into them, you might have detected a daring, care-for-nothing expression, that implied he was not to be trifled with.

"And why are you so anxious to ship again?" I inquired. "Men just returned from a voyage, as you probably are, do not usually care to get off again in a hurry."

He gave me a swift, keen look. I was startled by the tiger-like flash momentarily lighting those soft eyes of his.

"My money—the earnings of a year—was all stolen from me in the boarding-house where I put up for one night."

"That was hard."

"Yes, sir, it was," he responded, his eyes softening with a sad, gentle expression.

I felt sorry for the young fellow, and said I would ship him, while in the meantime I mentally but vainly asked myself where I had seen a face resembling his before. But when he signed himself John Rogers on the ship's books, I was sure I had never before seen anyone of that name.

"There is some mystery about that boy," thought I, after he had gone forward.

In fact, I had never before been so interested in a ship's foremast hand. His presence had affected me strangely. At one moment I had felt a sort of fatherly sympathy for him, and the next a cold shudder, for which I could not account, had passed through my frame.

I had not been mistaken about his being a good sailor. Next day, after we were out at sea, in order to try my new man, I sent him aloft to serve a shroud where the maintopsail yard had chafed it, and to put leather sheathing around it. This task he performed with remarkable celerity, and in the neatest possible manner.

"Very well done, Jack," said I; and he gave me such a pleasant, gratified look from his blue eyes as made my heart warm towards him.

He was so quiet, so mild-looking, that before long some of his rough shipmates—all of whom were older than he—thought to domineer over him. The upshot of this was that one day he seized one of these tyrants, a big, strapping fellow, named Robert Martin, by the collar with one hand, by the waist with the other, and by a powerful, dexterous movement, hurled him across his hip, head foremost, upon the fore-hatch, where the man lay half stunned.

This should have ended the matter. His over-awed adversary would never have molested him again. But no; the young fellow must spring upon the prostrate man, and pound him with blows that fell like a sledge-hammer, until he was senseless.

The tigerish gleam I had previously noticed was in his round eyes at the time, and there was a hard, unyielding look about the lines of his mouth.

"There, Jack," said I, running forward, as the cruel youth snatched a handspike to wind up by beating the senseless sailor over the head with it, "I think you have gone too far already. Put down that handspike."

"Ay, ay, sir," he answered, and at once dropped the instrument.

Then, when, he looked at me, I was surprised to see tears in his eyes.

"Why are you crying?" I inquired.

"Because you baulked me, sir!" he replied, flashing a glance at the handspike, and then at the senseless man whom his shipmates were bringing to.

I shuddered. Such cruelty displeased me much. I had heard that men who cry when they are angry are usually the most desperate when enraged, and here certainly was a person of that kind.

Months passed, and Jack had no more quarrels, for the reason that none of his shipmates dared to provoke him. I imagined that he could never overlook my interference which hindered him from using the handspike against his prostrate adversary. Ever since that time he had kept his eyes averted from mine whenever I gave him an order. However, as he always promptly responded with the usual, "Ay, ay, sir," and jumped to obey, I had no reason to find fault with him.

He pleased me also by being neat in his personal appearance, but whenever I looked at his clean face and nicely brushed hair, I still found myself asking the question,—

"Where have I seen a face like that before?"

Unlike most sailors, Jack never brushed his hair in the forecastle or on the deck, but always went over the bows to do it. This peculiarity of his about so trifling a matter I would not mention, but for the discovery it led me to.

One morning, while, as usual, he was in the head arranging his hair, it chanced that I had occasion to go forward to look at the staysailboom. Then it was that, glancing towards Jack, I noticed the hair-brush he was using.

I recognized it at once. I would have known it from a thousand—for there was never any other like it—as having been the property of my old friend, Captain Anson. He had shown it to me once when I visited him at his home. It was a present from his wife, who, to please her husband, had had it made for him from a whale's tooth, which he had brought from him. It was a curious as well as a valuable present, being shaped like a whale, and decorated with gold.

The moment I thought of Anson's wife, I recalled her looks, and then, like a flash, I knew all at once that it was to her face I could trace in Jack's the resemblance which had so puzzled me.

The youth evidently caught sight of me in a little mirror he held. He started, and made a motion as if to thrust the hair-brush in his bosom, but quickly changed his intention, and tried to look composed.

"Come into my cabin, Jack," said I. "I want to speak to you."

He followed me to the cabin. There I asked him if he had ever known Captain Anson, the old retired sea captain who was lately drowned in his bath-tub.

"No, sir; why do you ask me?" he said.

"For two reasons: One, because you look like his wife, who died some years ago, and another is because I see you have his hairbrush in your possession."

"Of course, sir," he answered, with perfect self-possession, "if I look like a person I never saw or heard of until now, I cannot help it. As to the hairbrush, it might have belonged to the captain you mention: but if so, he must have lost it, as I found it in Lime street."

He spoke with a truthful air, and his answers puzzled me. I dismissed him, and then set myself to thinking. The fact of his resembling Captain Anson's wife, and he also having the captain's hairbrush, was a coincidence which, it seemed to me, could not have been accidental.

But if, as I could not help suspecting, he was a relative of Anson's wife, why had he tried to deceive me?

There was some mystery about the affair; and though I was used to taking things as they came, and would seldom try to solve a riddle of this kind, yet it bothered me not a little.

Time passing on, the "Ocean Queen" arrived within a day's sail of the destined port. Far away we could finally see the line of the coast, but a strong gale, with a head wind, compelled me to beat off the land, under reefed topsails. It was a dark, misty night, and I was on deck, when, all at once, the spanker blew clear of the gasket—the rope holding it to the mast—and, whipping about, threatened to carry away the gaff. In fact, the stays holding it now parted, and I feared every moment it would come down.

On my calling out for a man to secure the sail, and temporarily fasten the gaff with a rope, Jack, with his usual sailorly promptitude, came bounding aft. To my surprise, however, this usually fearless young man, looking aloft, now said:

"It is as much as my life is worth to go up to that gaff, captain."

"Nonsense!" said I; "there's no danger, if you're careful."

What a mystery the fellow was! Although an expert sailor could, without much risk, perform the duty I now required of this youth, and although I had seen him execute the most daring manœuvres aloft, yet now his legs seemed fairly to shake under him with fear.

He, however, ran up the rigging like a squirrel, and at the same time I went below to put on my overcoat. When I came up I saw nothing of Jack, except his Scotch cap lying on the deck, while the gaff now hung down nearly ready to fall. I ran to the man at the wheel, an old, one-eyed Portuguese.

"What's become of Jack?" I inquired. "Did you see nothing, hear nothing of him?"

"I thought I heard a sort of cry behind me," he answered, "but it was so dark I couldn't see anything."

"Great Heaven! I believe he has fallen overboard!" I exclaimed.

I called all hands, and discovered that Jack indeed was missing. I lowered a boat and looked for him, but in vain.

"He is lost!" was the general cry.

I suffered dreadfully about this affair. It seemed to me that I was the cause of Jack's death, and I reproached myself for sending him aloft to the gaff, when he was afraid to go, as fear may cause a fall, where, otherwise, a man would not be in peril. Another sailor went up, and easily secured that gaff.

Hours passed. Just at daylight, the weather having cleared, I saw, while I was gloomily walking the quarter-deck, a small steamer with a red pipe, heading straight toward my vessel.

"Ship ahoy!" was the hail from her deck, when she was near enough.

"Hallos!" I responded.

"Is that the 'Ocean Queen'?"

"Aye, aye," was my answer.

"Please heave to, and we will send a boat aboard."

I would have hesitated, and asked why they wanted me to heave to, as I now had a fair wind for port, and did not like to stop, but I noticed on their deck a group of men in uniform, whom I had at first taken for naval officers, but who I now perceived were policemen.

On my heaving-to, they sent a boat alongside, with the policemen and a tall man in plain clothes, who proved to be a detective.

"A young fellow, of about eighteen, shipped aboard your vessel at Liverpool?" said the latter, inquiringly; "a good-looking young fellow—a sailor—wearing a Scotch cap, and blue jacket and trousers."

"He did," I promptly answered.

"He is our man!—we want him!" was the rejoinder.

I started, and think I turned pale.

"He is not here," I began; but the detective quickly interrupted me.

"Come, captain, that won't do. We happen to know he is here!"

Then I told them how he had fallen overboard and been lost the night before, and called my officers and all my men, except one aloft, to corroborate my statement.

The detective, however, said he would ransack the ship. He did so, with the policemen and after they came up from an unsuccessful search, I asked them what they wanted with the sailor.

"For the murder of old Captain Anson, at Birkenhead!" was the reply, which staggered me, and brought to my mind the young fellow's eagerness to ship aboard my vessel on that wild night in the harbor, and also the affair of the hairbrush.

The officer went on to explain that, at first, it was thought the old captain had died as described in the paper I had read, but that, subsequently, finger prints were discovered on the sides of his neck, showing that someone had held his head down in the water of the bath-tub until suffocation ensued. The affair was investigated, and it was found that his pocket-book and several valuable articles—amongst others a costly hairbrush—were missing from the bath-room. The window of the room, which looked out on a garden, was found open, and just at daybreak a young sailor, whom a grocer, opening his shop, had recognized as a nephew of Anson's deceased wife, was seen hurrying away from the neighborhood.

"But some motive besides robbery must have induced the young man to kill the old chaptain?" remarked my first officer.

"We have learned," was the reply, "that the captain, knowing the youth's bad temper and disposition, had refused to use his influence to obtain for him a midshipman's warrant, and that the young fellow had declared he would be revenged on his uncle-in-law for that reason."

The policemen were about leaving the ship, when Robert Martin, the man who had been aloft, and who, it will be remembered, had been so mercilessly pounded by Jack, came swiftly sliding down from the mizzen topsail yard, by means of a back stay.

"Captain," he cried out to me, in a loud voice, "I don't think these men have looked behind the false bulkhead in the steerage. If they had, I think they would have found him they are after!"

"We didn't know there was a false bulkhead there!" cried one of the searchers.

"Ay," was Martin's answer, "a double bulkhead—two partitions, with a space between."

"Why do you think he is there?" I asked. "It can't be possible."

"Well, sir," he replied, "the way of it was this: I was standing amidships when Jack went aloft at the gaff. All at once, although it was so dark, I could make out the outline of his form, as he slid down from aloft. Then he gave a sort of cry, and crouched in the black shadows, so that the man at the wheel couldn't see him, and sneaked along to the steerage hatchway, through which he disappeared. I thought, at first, I wouldn't say anything about it, as I believed the whole thing was a trick of his to make you think he was lost, so that he could finally desert the ship at New York, without your knowing it, and I, for one, was not sorry to be rid of him. But now that I know it was all done so that he could escape being arrested for murder, I do my duty in telling about it."

The detective and the policemen went into the steerage, and dislodging the thick plank which covered the opening leading into the small space between the double bulkhead, they found Jack so tightly squeezed in his narrow quarters that he could hardly breathe.

As he was brought on deck securely handcuffed, the absence of surprise on the part of some of my men made me suspect that they, too, had known of his being concealed aboard.

Robert Martin, his betrayer, however, shot towards him a look of fierce exultation as he was being led off.

Some months later John Rogers, or rather William Thompson, which was his real name, had his trial, when the overwhelming proofs against him resulted in his conviction. Seeing there was no hope for him, he made a full confession of his

crime. He also acknowledged that, as I now suspected, he had merely pretended fear when he went aloft at my command; that, after the trick to make me think he had fallen overboard, he had hidden himself in the steerage, intending to desert the ship at New York, hoping to thus escape all danger of ever being arrested, as it would be reported that he had been lost at sea.

A Daring Deed.

BY R. H. A.

WHEN H. M. sloop of war "Centaur," toward the end of her cruise off the African coast, stopped at Sierra Leone, and the captain's daughter, Grace Manton, a beautiful girl of fifteen, who had been staying at the settlement with her uncle, was taken aboard for her passage home, there was no end to the prinking among the midshipmen, all of whom were anxious to show off to the best advantage before the young lady.

The old quartermasters aft looked at each other with grim amusement when even little "reefers" of twelve and thirteen took to putting on airs, strutting about with heads erect in their smartest uniforms every time the fair passenger appeared on deck.

Leonard Wharton, the third lieutenant, had known the girl before he sailed from home, and had even then admired her. He was now grown to a fine muscular fellow, with the down plainly visible on his upper lip; and it was evident by Grace's manner whenever he spoke to her that she favored his attentions.

The hawk-like eye of her father enabled him to take in the situation of affairs.

After the vessel sailed from Sierra Leone he summoned the young gentleman to his presence.

"Mr. Wharton," he said, "it is best that you should not converse with Miss Manton when she is on deck. To be plain, sir, I believe in the fitness of things. She is a captain's daughter, and you are but a subaltern. Strict discipline requires that we should be very particular about these matters in the navy. Your attentions to my daughter have already excited comment in the ward room."

Wharton colored deeply.

"Sir," he stammered, "I—I will obey you; but, to be frank with you, I love your daughter, and——"

"Enough, sir!" interrupted the captain. "I will be equally frank. It would not please me for any officer under the rank of commander to pay his addresses to my child. I have lately spoken to her on this subject, so that she understands my wishes, and also my instructions for her to receive no further attentions from one of your rank."

The young man withdrew, much crestfallen. Years might elapse before he was promoted, and meanwhile Grace might become the bride of another.

As he sadly repaired to the upper deck, he noticed that the officers there had their glasses pointed shoreward. The vessel was becalmed about two miles from the coast, with the mouth of a broad stream, the Rio Grande, plainly in sight. Paddling swiftly to and fro in canoes, near a bend of the river, among the low rocks to the eastward of the Bissagos Islands, were a few natives, evidently much excited, and in quest of something.

The captain soon came up, when his curiosity also was aroused.

"I must see what the matter is there," he said.

He ordered his gig to be lowered, and Wharton went with him. The young man had sprung into the boat after the crew were in their places, when he heard Grace pleading with her father to be allowed to go, too. There she stood in the gangway, her lovely eyes shining and her cheeks aglow with curiosity. The captain at first objected to her going, but he finally gave in.

As soon as she was seated in the gig near her parent, the light craft was started on its way. It was soon near one of the canoes, from the bow of which projected several harpoons, with a long rope attached to each. On questioning the natives, the captain learned that they were looking for a large hippopotamus which they had struck up the river, but which had escaped after half-a-dozen harpoons had been planted in his body.

Having smashed one of the canoes, and killed a man in it, the monster had made towards the mouth of the river, and then had gone down, since which the hunters had seen nothing of him.

By this time, they had concluded to abandon the search for the present; so, heading their canoes for the river, they soon disappeared round a projecting point.

The order now was given for the gig to be turned back toward the ship, and the craft, pulled swiftly, was passing between two low flat rocks twenty feet apart, when, about half a fathom ahead, the captain detected a large, dark mass beneath the calm surface of the water.

"Port!" he shouted quickly to the coxswain; but, ere he could be obeyed, the boat struck the object violently, and was almost capsized. Immediately the water parted, and then, with a gurgling roar, an enormous hippopotamus, not less than eleven feet long, reared its head and uncouth proportions from the sea, close to the gig.

The bristling snout, the huge wide mouth, armed with teeth nearly a foot in length, the fiery bloodshot eyes, the bulky body, the tough hide wrinkled about the short, thick neck, with broken shells, mud and sand adhering to it, gave to this monster a truly hideous aspect, which was heightened by the harpoons projecting from one of its sides, and by the coils of line entangled about its form.

Grace, with a cry of terror, clung to her father, who shouted:

"Quick, my lads! break away from it! It is that ugly fellow that escaped the natives!"

The men had not pulled five strokes when then the brute made a dash for the boat. The captain drew his sword, and struck at the pursuing animal, but the blade made but little impression on the tough hide, and soon, the point catching in it, a twitch of the powerful form snapped the weapon in twain.

The creature was now almost upon the unarmed crew, when Leonard Wharton, seizing an oar, endeavored to thrust it down the throat of the beast. But the latter, with a roar of fury, crushed the wood to splinters, and defiantly tossed it from him. Wharton then seized the boat's hatchet, but ere he could deal a blow the enormous teeth closed over the bow of the gig, crashing through it as if it had been pasteboard, while the powerful form dashed against the side of the light craft, and capsized it in a moment.

The captain, assisted by the young lieutenant, swam with Grace to the smallest and nearest of the two rocks already mentioned, which was now only a few fathoms distant, while the crew struck out for the larger one. As they helped Grace upon the rock they had reached, the girl's father and his assistant saw the hippopotamus making straight towards them, dashing the water from his broad breast, and snorting with fury, his mouth wide open, with some of the boat's splinters adhering to his terrible fangs.

"We are lost!" cried Grace.

A look of agony came over the captain's face, as he threw a protecting arm about his only child and hastily glanced about him, vainly trying to think of some way to save her.

A cutter had been lowered from the ship and was rapidly approaching but as it was still about a hundred fathoms distant, it could not reach the rock in time for a rescue.

Young Wharton laid a hand on the boat's hatchet, which he had thrust into his belt, and with a look of cool resolution on his embrowned visage, he said—

"Captain Manton, I will save your daughter."

"You cannot, sir. That hatchet will be as a mere toy to such a monster."

"I will save Miss Manton, sir, if I have to die to do it!" replied the young fellow.

He threw off his cap, his jacket, and his shoes; then he sprang into the sea, boldly swimming to meet the animal which was approaching.

When within a few feet of it, he drew his hatchet and hurled it at the creature's head, which it struck. Then, as he had expected, the attention of the infuriated beast was wholly drawn to himself, and now, as he made for the cutter, it pursued him.

The youth was a powerful swimmer, but he was no match for the hippopotamus, which, though disabled by the harpoons sticking in its body, and a little encumbered by the entangling lines attached to the weapons, gained on the young sailor.

"Brave boy! noble boy!" cried the captain.

"Yes, papa; but I fear he will sacrifice himself to save us!" Grace anxiously replied. "Ah, there!—he is gone!" she suddenly shrieked, as the uncouth pursuer, close upon Wharton, made a dash for him.

But the latter dived, and when he came up he was several fathoms to the right of the monster. Bellowing with rage, it turned towards him, and straining every muscle, he kept on swimming for his life.

A veritable swim for life it was, and it was only by the most tremendous exertions—by alternately diving and changing his course—that he was enabled to avoid his pursuer. But his efforts to escape became weaker.

The cutter's crew worked manfully at the oars to reach him, while their officers shouted encouragement to him.

At last he found himself within ten fathoms of the cutter, but the brute behind him was so near that he was again obliged to dive. The monster went swooping down after him, and this time, when he rose, he found his terrible pursuer close to him. Exhausted as he was, Wharton endeavored to swim to one side, knowing that the animal could not very quickly turn its unwieldy proportions; but ere he could strike out, the hippopotamus, with a hoarse bellow, reared itself to spring at the youth and bite his body in two, when the roar of the swivel in the cutter was heard, and the ball struck the huge beast on the neck.

Injured and confused though it was by the shot, yet, owing to the resistance of its remarkably tough hide, it was not killed. With a loud snort it turned slowly, then it swam confusedly to and fro, until another ball came from the swivel, and crashed through the bones of its head, shortly putting an end to its struggles.

A minute later Wharton was helped into the boat, much exhausted, after which the cutter was directed to the captain and his daughter, who were soon taken aboard. As the vessel was steered for the other rock, to pick up the gig's crew, the captain cordially grasped the young lieutenant's hand.

"You have done well, Mr. Wharton, and I shall never forget it," he cried.

"He should be rewarded, papa," said Grace.

"A naval officer wants no reward for a brave act," answered her father. "How, then, can we reward him?"

"Recommend him for promotion," said Grace softly, with downcast eyes.

"So be it! He certainly deserves it," replied the captain, with a covert smile, for he well knew why this promotion would please his daughter.

A few months later, Wharton received his commission as a commander, when, as Grace had foreseen, her father no longer opposed the young man's wishes to be a suitor for her hand.

In time, the lovely girl became his wife, and thus, with his promotion, and the winning of a coveted bride, was he doubly rewarded for so gallantly averting from the young lady and her father the fangs of one of the most terrible of monsters, by his Daring Deed.

ANOTHER CANCER CURE.—Dr. Schultz, of Buda-Pesth, has made some experiments with alcohol in the treatment of cancer. The alcohol is injected into the structure of the cancerous growth. A certain amount of benefit seems to have been gained.

About ten cases have been treated in all; and although it is not claimed that any positive cures have been effected, it is asserted that in several cases the further growth of the cancerous structure has been arrested. This, as will be seen, does not really amount to very much. In certain cases months may pass without the observer being able to say with certainty whether a particular tumor is growing larger or not. That is especially the case when the growth is internal; and all the cases treated by Dr. Schultz appear to have been of this character.

So far as the experiments have gone, it cannot be considered that any results of a permanently trustworthy kind have been obtained. It is satisfactory, however, to record that capable medical men in various parts of the world are constantly and conscientiously working at the subject of cancer. It is desirable also that other medical men who have opportunities should experiment on similar lines. The failure of so many methods of cancer treatment is thought by some to be somewhat of a blot on the medical escutcheon.

Experienced physicians and surgeons can hardly endorse that view of the question. Nevertheless, we are all thankful when new lines are struck out, and when there is any promise, however faint, of the dawn of a brighter day for cancer patients. It is not impossible that the real hope of the future, so far as dangerous diseases are concerned, lies rather in certain fundamental changes that require to be made in the rearing, and even in the breeding of the human race. In going forward civilization must go backward in some respects if it is to make a real advance.

Scientific and Useful.

RAIN DROPS:—Investigations of rain drops lead to the conclusion that some of the large drops must be more or less hollow, as they fall, when striking, to wet the whole surface inclosed within the drop.

FIRE DAMP:—A new arrangement for the detection of fire damp consists in pumping the air into a testing room and testing it with a Bunsen burner. If the air contains a dangerous quantity of fire damp it ignites, and moving a valve sounds a gong of warning.

DRYING FRUIT:—The old-fashioned way of drying fruit in the sun is not to be despised. It enables many to save their surplus fruit who would otherwise allow it to waste. Cheap and handy cider-mills and presses have materially assisted in saving a large portion of the apple-crop, and vinegar will be more plentiful than for several years.

JET:—One way to tell real jet from the fabrication is by testing its electrical powers, which are said, by the way, to make jet bracelets preventive of rheumatism. If the genuine article be rubbed for a moment or two it develops sufficient electricity to hold up scraps of tissue paper or threads of silk, which jump to the jet and cling to it like a needle does to a magnet.

MUSICAL TOYS:—Inventors have already done a great deal for our young people in the matter of toys, yet we hear daily of another ingenious device which has been added to the repertoire. Few, however, are like to cause so much surprise in the circles of the young generation as a skipping rope which plays its own music, the very act of turning the rope setting in motion a small musical box, which is fixed at the end of one of the handles.

Farm and Garden.

SEEDS:—The brightest, or heaviest, and newest seeds are, as a rule, the best, and the most likely to produce the finest crops.

CLOVER:—One ton of clover hay and one ton of good straw has, when mixed, almost exactly the feeding value of two tons of the best timothy hay.

KEROSENE:—Pure kerosene is harmful to some plants, but the kerosene emulsion is harmless, and answers for all the purposes as an insecticide to which undiluted kerosene is applied, and is also much cheaper.

THE HORSE:—A brisk-walking-horse will accomplish more than a slow walker that is occasionally made to trot, and will also be in better condition after a hard day's labor. The summer season is very trying on the horse, and the natural gait is the best, a fast walk being an advantage.

THE CHICKENS:—The best mode of making manure fine is to turn the chickens on the heap and let them scratch. They will rake quite a large amount fine in a day, and will also secure a large share of waste material as food. The hens that make the best layers are those that have the privilege of scratching and working in litter.

THE PEN:—If you have your pigs in a pen the weeds will make excellent feed for them. Some varieties of weeds are highly nitrogenous, and are among the best foods that can be allowed. Purslaine, pig weed and lamb's quarter, which are very persistent, and which always appear, can be well utilized for swine.

THE BREEDS TO USE:—There is no breed that will satisfy all. The breed for the farmer depends upon his method of farming. If he ships milk or produces butter he must use the breeds specially adapted to those objects. If he depends largely on the production of beef and wool he will find certain breeds to excel in those directions. With the pure breeds within his reach he has but to plan his work and arrange the details, and, to succeed, his stock must be just what he requires according to his climate, soil and other conditions pertaining to his object.

AFTER WAR, PESTILENCE AND Intemperance, Colds lead to the greatest destruction of human life, mainly in consequence of their being systematically neglected,—"left to go as they come,"—until a simple, curable affection is converted into a serious and generally fatal disease. It is better to take care of a Cough or Cold from its incipiency, by using promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy thoroughly adapted to remove these complaints, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 2, 1892.

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[IN ADVANCE.]

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

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About Failure.

The opposite of success is failure; but the line of demarcation between the two issues is not sharply defined or always determinable. There is much failure in what seems to be complete success, and a large measure of success is often found underlying or associated with what appears to be failure. Just as some victories are as bad as defeats, and there are reverses which confer as much real benefit on the vanquished as triumphs could possibly have gained for them, so there are successes which prove not less ruinous than failures, and failures that are successes in everything save the name. The two results must be studied together, or no practical and useful knowledge of either can be gained.

When throwing together a few observations on the subject of "Success," we tried to show that the result was rather the outcome of the man than of his policy, and that the aim should be to make self a success rather than to concentrate energy in the endeavor that a particular enterprise may succeed. This is an important distinction when looking at success, but it scarcely holds good in the converse.

Men do not fail always in life because they are failures, but from a variety of causes, which might be almost looked upon as "accidental," but that we know nothing happens by chance, and over which they have no command. A very little experience and a small circle of acquaintances will suffice to make this clear to any careful observer.

Some of the best specimens of cultivated humanity are to be found elbowed out of the crowd and left forgotten in the by-places of life. This is not in itself a proof that the victims of such adversity are in themselves failures, although it may, and doubtless does, show that they are lacking in the qualities of tact and worldly wisdom.

Others, again, although possessed of the useful and, in a sense, necessary elements of character, do not care to use them, preferring rather to devote all the energy and thought they can summon to the prosecution of some congenial task which cannot, in the nature of things, be made to offer a present show of success, though surely and even —looking to the nature of the work— rapidly progressing.

No greater mistake could well be made than to infer from mere surface circumstances that the men who do not succeed in the world are themselves failures. To fail is not the same thing as not to succeed; to be a failure is quite another. Failure, in the grim sense of the term, implies disappointment in an enterprise through error or neglect of the proper means of success.

This may be a very serious matter or of no moment. If there has been an earnest endeavor to succeed, of course failure will be significant. It will then show a faulty judgment, lack of tact, and perseverance, or deficiency of power. When therefore anything has been formally attempted and failure has occurred, it becomes a duty to self to search out and analyze the cause of non-success.

It is not in itself a grave fault to have omitted to attempt a particular achievement—unless the lack of enterprise shown be significant of a defect in character; but it is a matter of moment to have tried and failed.

Perhaps the most common cause of failure is to be found in the relation which subsists between effort and impulse. Few men labor without what they are pleased to call a "motive" or "interest in work." Being interpreted by the laws of mental energy, this means that they do not take the trouble to embark in a serious undertaking without "feeling" a strong wish or inducement to do so, and, as soon as this wish or inducement fails from any cause, they cease to strive as earnestly as before.

The allurement is not in the industry itself, but in its expected or probable reward; and, if this be not gained, or the prospect of obtaining it seems to be shadowed by circumstances, interest is lost and enterprise expires. There is no pleasure in the work itself, the sense of satisfaction does not grow with exercise, energy does not beget energy. The motive either springs from a passing mood or the effort is called forth by the attractions of the "result" to be attained; and, if on close inspection this does not appear as pleasing as it did when viewed from a distance, it ceases to lure and stimulate the energy.

Many a man who fails from "lack of perseverance," as it is called, is simply a creature of emotion—intellectual it may be—who is stirred to action by the fascination of a prospect of success. As soon as this becomes clouded over, or is shut out of his view by a turn in the path he treads, he loses heart and faith. It is a radical fault in character, and one which the young should strive to amend, this work by impulse. Enterprise and effort should be potent in themselves to stir the pulse of youth and to call out its utmost energy.

Children are not well when they require to be coaxed or bribed to play, because play is the healthy expression of life in its earlier years. Later on, work is the expression of life; and there is something amiss at the fountain-head of vitality when youth is torpid and seeks ease in indolence instead of enjoyment in exercise.

We do not question that special objects are designed to call out special energies. It is natural, and therefore doubtless intended, that they should do so; but, beneath this specialty of effort which determines its nature and direction, there is, or ought to be, a strong undercurrent of force which must find an outlet in work and the man who has this force within him, although it may not be well trained or wisely aimed, cannot be said to be in himself a failure.

The purpose of self-culture should be to develop the love of work for its own sake, not for what it may win in the field of enterprise. The prize may be great or little; the real recompense should be the pleasure exercise brings, the true sweetener of labor, not the hope of reward but the consciousness and proof of power.

Failure is not always failure, or success success; the measure in which either the one or the other issue of an undertaking has been attained must be estimated by considerations which relate more to the work itself and the manner of performing it than to the apparent result lost or gained. To fail is to fall short of success, which, in itself, and wholly apart from any question of loss, is an untoward and depressing experience.

The disappointed should struggle against this feeling. It is terribly demoralizing. The man who thinks himself a failure is on the high road to become one. Treat self as a failure, and it is difficult to get any more good work out of it.

TO DO increases the capacity of doing; and it is far less difficult for a man who is in a habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself into motion for the same end. This is owing to a principle of our moral nature, which is called the vis inertiæ—literally, the strength of inactivity. To set a child's hoop rolling requires a smarter stroke at starting than to keep it in motion afterwards. There is a reluctance in all things to be set moving; but when that is over everything proceeds smoothly enough. Just so it is with the idle man. In losing the habit, he loses the power of doing; but a man who is busy about some regular employment for a proper length of time every day can very easily do something else during the remaining hours; indeed the recreation of the weary man is apt to be busier than the perpetual leisure of the idle.

IT is generally thought that there is nothing easier than to give good advice. It is so abundant and so cheap, it is said, because it costs nothing. Now this may be applicable to much of the trite counsel and most of the well-worn maxims that live upon the lips, but do not come from the heart; it may be true concerning such exhortations as we have been in the habit of hearing from one generation and passing on to the next, without much reference to their applicability; but it is not true of anything which honestly bears the name of good advice. That is not plentiful or easy to give.

DID you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly towards an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?

BY anticipation we suffer misery and enjoy happiness before they are in being. We can set the sun and the stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

EVERY evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the savage believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

THERE is something solid and doughty in the man that can rise from defeat, the stuff of which victories are made in due time, when we are able to choose our position better, and the sun is at our back.

IN our relations with the people around us, we forgive them more readily for what they do which they can help, than for what they are, which they cannot help.

THE art of conversation consists, first, in having something to say, and then in saying it at the right time, and in the fewest and simplest words.

YOU may know the workman by his work.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

J. NORBURY.—The difference between a lute and a lyre is that the former has a hollow wooden back like a guitar or mandolina. The latter is strung like a harp. Both are obsolete instruments now.

EXILE.—A pedometer is a mechanical instrument in the form of a watch, which is carried in the pocket to register the number of steps or paces which the bearer makes in travelling between one place and other.

LILY.—Humboldt says "we owe imperishable truth to those whom we esteem." There should be no concealments, no half-confidences between two young people who are betrothed. Express your sorrow for what has happened, and avoid all repetition of such conduct for the future.

C. L. F.—A good quality of cologne may be made by adding to one gallon of 90-per-cent. alcohol one ounce each of oil of bergamot and oil of orange, two drachms of oil of cedrat, and one drachm each of oil of neroli and oil of rosemary. Mix thoroughly, when it will be ready to use.

F. L.—Orange-blossoms as an ornament in the head-dress of brides are common throughout the greater part of the world, but we cannot find the date of their introduction into England. They are worn as indicating purity, and as savoring sweetly of chaste goodness; hence they are emblematical of the virgin and the bride.

JOSEPHINE.—The opal was called by the ancients "pederos," from "puer," a child, inasmuch as, like a fair and innocent child, it was worthy of all love. The opal not only united in itself the colors of every other gem, but it was supposed to possess all their qualities, both moral and healing.

S. I. Y.—There is no shame in work of any sort if it is done with a will and bravely faced. You will soon get over the unpleasantness of what seems such a terrible drop in your social position. The greatest men the world has known have risen from very humble beginnings. As the Scotch say, "Set a stout heart to a steep brae," and the hill Difficulty will soon be climbed.

SCHOOLMISTRESS.—Vocal music is decidedly conducive to health, and it was the opinion of a celebrated physician (Dr. Rush) that singing should be cultivated by young ladies, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. In one of his works the doctor says: "The exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to defend them from diseases to which our climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education."

P. P. L.—As to whether the hair of men or women turn gray the sooner? It is difficult if not impossible to give an answer which shall cover all the aspects of it. The maintenance of the color of the hair depends on the nourishment of follicles, or root-bulbs, through which the coloring-matter is conveyed from the blood. When these become unfeebled the hair begins to turn gray, but it does not fall out until the root-bulb is dead. With some people the coloring matter never leaves the hair till the root dies, with others the very reverse happens. It is all a matter of temperament and physical health. Probably in the present day men grow gray sooner than women in consequence of their greater exposure to the evil influence of hurry and worry consequent on the stress of commercial competition, and probably also on account of their foolishness in wearing hard, heavy hats, which deprive the scalp of proper ventilation and drag the hair out by the roots long before it would fall out of itself. At the same time it is quite probable that the nervous, unhealthy life led by so many women of the present day, and the share which so many of them have to bear of the world's burdens is fast destroying any difference that may have existed in this regard between the sexes.

ATLANTIC.—In making collections of seaweeds, only moist and fresh pieces should be selected. They should be first soaked in a basin of fresh water to rid them of sand and salt. Then choose a good piece, lay it in a soup-plate filled with fresh water, and slip under it a sheet of white paper. While in the water the seaweed may be easily spread out evenly on the paper by means of a camel's hair pencil or brush. When this has been done, the paper may be raised gently from the water, and the seaweed will keep its form. Let the water drain off, and then lay the paper on a sheet of blotting-paper; over the seaweed, lay a piece of linen cloth, and over that another sheet of blotting-paper. The linen cloth is put in to keep the blotting-paper from sticking to the seaweed. After arranging all the pieces of seaweed in this way, pile them up between two boards, and put some weights on them, and leave them for three or four days to dry. When dry, take off the blotting-paper and rag from each carefully, so as not to pull up the seaweed. Most seaweeds are gummy and stick to the paper, but some need a little mucilage. When well dried the papers may be arranged according to their sizes on the pages of an album. If the specimens are large only one can be put on a page, but if small they may be placed in various attractive ways. A little mucilage under the covers of each paper will hold them securely.

A CRADLE SONG.

BY J. S.

Sleep, baby, sleep, for the flowers are closing
  Far in the West the sun goes down,
Grand as a monarch in state reposing,
  With crimson robes and a golden crown.

Low through the leaves are the light winds sighing:
  Drowsily twitter the birds in the lane;
Deep is the calm of the sweet day dying
  Where roses crowd at the window-pane.

Sleep, baby, sleep, for the stars are gleaming
  Out from the wonderful depths of blue;
All the green earth is asleep and dreaming
  Of the breaking morn and its silver dew.

Still through the roses the low wind sighing
  Echoes my song that is ended now—
Fallen asleep with his gold curls lying
  Tenderly over the baby brow!

An Old Man's Darling.

BY A. Y. R.

WHY had he married her, every one asked. Well, the reason was not far to seek: he adored her. Elderly scholar and recluse as he was, he adored her youth and beauty, her caprices, her petulance, her exactions, everything that went to make her what she was. Before he had known her he had grown bent and gray in the pursuit of one engrossing hobby, in dreaming over a wonderful scheme, at which his friends laughed when he timidly broached it. For her he changed his life-long habits, and renounced his cherished object; and when she deigned to accept his hand, heart, and handsome fortune he laid at her feet, Gabriel Spencer esteemed himself the happiest of mortals.

Why she had married him was not so easy to explain. Very few people, no one, perhaps, except Gabriel himself, suspected any adoration on her side. She had had plenty of other admirers, as was natural, and with one of their names hers had been freely and frequently coupled, but all that came to nothing; he went off to the Antipodes and she married Gabriel Spencer, and the world said it was just as well, for the match she had made was far better than the one she might have made. Then she and her husband settled down to that chapter of their history which fairy tales dismiss with the short and satisfactory phrase, "they lived happy ever after."

As far as Gabriel was concerned, despite the sacrifices he had made, this was fairly true; but to judge by the looks of Mrs. Gabriel, as she sits by the tea-table in her luxurious drawing-room one summer afternoon, her bliss has its alloy.

A big frown puckers her white brow, an uncomely pout disfigures her pretty mouth, and from the expression with which she is listening to her husband, it is obvious that her displeasure is connected with the subject under discussion. He is leaning against the mantelpiece, looking at her with a world of tenderness and patience shining in his kindly gray eyes and lighting up his grave face. He is evidently reasoning with her. During the two years of their married life he has often reasoned with her; he quite enjoys it, she objects to it.

"And really, dearest," he is saying now, "the journey is neither longer nor troublesome. Here I have written it all out. We leave here on Wednesday evening; reach Flushing on Thursday morning; cross the German frontier about eleven. The German scenery is at first not picturesque; but as we approach our destination it increases in beauty, till, finally, at Detmold we find ourselves in a charming region. Detmold, as I have told you before, is situated among the low wooded hills of the Teutoburger Wald. The town itself is trim and neat, with a little court to enliven it. The walks and drives are almost inexhaustible."

"Oh, as to walks and drives," interrupts Mrs. Spencer, ungraciously, "you can get those anywhere, and the court won't do us much good. We shan't meet a soul there."

Mr. Spencer smiles.

"Indeed, we shall meet plenty of kindly German souls, Eleanor," he says, "with bodies to match, worthy descendants of those old Teuton patriots."

"Bother the old Teuton patriots," interrupts his wife again, "they are very uninteresting."

"Not to every one, dear child. My wish to revisit places springs chiefly from my interest in them, and in that famous victory which the old Cheruscan chief, Arminius or Hermann, won over the Roman legions in the year 9 A. D. The Germans are naturally proud of this victory. Years ago a memorial—a Denkmal, as they well express it—was commenced to the hero on the spot near Detmold which probably witnessed his triumph. This Denkmal I saw unfinished. I had, moreover, the honor to win the friendship of the man who made its completion his life's task; I have long wished to revisit Detmold, and to see, in its completed state the national tribute to the hero of one of the most famous battlefields in history."

"I'm awfully sorry to interrupt such edifying talk," says a cheery voice at the door. "Please go on; I've only come to ask you, Nell, for a farewell cup of tea."

"Dick!" cries Mrs. Spencer, frown and pout alike vanishing, "if you wanted tea you should have come while it was hot; perhaps then there would have been no lecture, now there is no muffin."

"Let us ring for some," says Dick, with the air of a man perfectly at home; "and now about the programme for the journey. Is it made out?"

"Oh, it's made out," replies Mrs. Spencer in an aggrieved tone, "but if you want more information, please ask Gabriel. I only know I am to pack my boxes to-morrow, and be carted off to be buried alive Heaven knows where." She certainly looks very bewitching as she says this.

Mr. Spencer smiles.

"That is Eleanor's way of putting it," he says. "As to our destination, my dear Harvey, it is Detmold. I must have told you that I once spent a perfectly ideal holiday there. I want to revisit my old haunts and show them to her. Now I must beg to be excused, I have so much to do in the way of prepartion."

"Oh, Dick," cries Mrs. Spencer as the door closes, "isn't it a horrid shame?"

"What is a shame?" asks Dick in return. "The way you oppose your good husband?"

"I'm not opposing him," rejoins Nell, hotly, "he is opposing me. I had set my mind on Trouville or Spa long before he spoke of this outlandish journey."

"But, Nell," suggests Dick, "how would a man like Spencer endure Trouville or Spa?"

"He would have endured either far better than I shall enjoy this German hole."

"My dear little cousin," says Dick, "you aren't reasonable. If you take for better and for worse an elderly scholar who has devoted his youth to historical research, you cannot expect your yearly programme to include the sands of Trouville or the gaieties of Spa. In vulgar parlance, dear, you have made your bed and must lie in it." Then Mr. Hervey stirred his tea with the air of having spoken words of wisdom. "By the way," he begins again, "to return to our muttons. What should you say if I turned up at Detmold?"

"You!" exclaims Nell, incredulously, "why, you are going to Scotland."

"I was," he replies, "but I have been over-persuaded. You remember Brandon, Nell?"

"Perfectly," she says, rising and walking towards the window.

"Well, he's just turned up again, and, restless fellow that he is, is dragging me off on a walking tour in North Germany—which may just as well include Detmold."

"Oh," says Nell, doubtfully, "if you have Captain Brandon with you——"

"But you and he used to be so thick."

"Used to be," she repeats, "but that is long ago."

"Not so very long."

"Ages," she persists.

"Nonsense," Nell. Anyhow Brandon remembers you kindly; he was asking me all about you, and I know he'll be glad to see you again."

"Will he?" she asks, absently. "Oh, well, I shall be glad to see you both; any break in the monotony of those four weeks—it is to be four weeks, Dick—will be delightful, for I shall have no one to speak to."

"Except your husband," suggests Dick.

"My husband," she echoes, contemptuously.

"My dear," says Dick, softly, "you don't know what a good husband you have."

"Dick!" she cries, hotly, "don't you begin to lecture. You have neither the knack nor the right."

* * * * * *

A cloudless sky of deep blue overarching a broadly undulating forest land: the warmth of an August afternoon glowing on the pine-clad slopes; pink and crimson heather fringing the quiet, winding road; here and there a cluster of quaint red roofs against the woodland background; and on the crest of the near hill a tall, majestic bronze figure against the blue sky, a mighty sword in its uplifted right hand, its foot set firmly on the insignia of the dreaded power of Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer had just turned the last bend of the uphill road which leads from Detmold to that famous memorial of sturdy German patriotism, the Hermann Denkmal in the Teutoburger Wald. He had been wrapped in reverie, and she had sat beside him, with a preoccupied look on her face, over which her parasol was lowered so as to shut out all the beauty which was absorbing her husband.

"We get out here, dearest," he said, presently, as the carriage stopped. "It is better to walk the rest of the way."

She gave him her hand in silence, and walked on beside him.

"You are very thoughtful, dearest," he said.

"So are you," she rejoined, promptly. "I didn't like to interrupt you."

He smiled at her gratefully.

"Yes, dearest," he said. "One's thoughts are very overwhelming when one is brought so closely into realization of the long dead past. Besides, much of my own past surges back on me as I stand here—old hopes, some of my dearest dreams."

He stopped.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Spencer, "one might think you had a love affair connected with the place."

Mr. Spencer's pale cheek flushed.

"I never had but one love, dear wife," he said. Then, after a pause, he went on. "I do not think I have ever spoken to you of a scheme which occupied my mind for many years, which, in fact, I only abandoned when I made your acquaintance. That scheme—it was very dear to me—originated on this very spot."

He paused again. She saw he was waiting for a sympathetic word or look. She felt irritated, for her mind was full of a subject with which these confidences clashed strangely.

"I expect," she said, coldly, "that it was something quite beyond my comprehension."

"Not at all, darling," he resumed, eagerly. "I told you, you know, that I had visited this monument during it erection, and watched its slow progress with interest; and as I watched I was fired with a kind of patriotic jealousy that we, in England, should have no similar national embodiment of some national triumph, some outward and visible sign of a great national crisis. Don't you think, dear, that the idea of a nation immortalizing some turning point in its history is a very beautiful one?"

"I dare say it is," she answered; "but I should have thought we had heaps of such memorials."

"We haven't one!" said her husband, solemnly, "except Trafalgar Square, which lacks the unity and appropriateness which should be the chief beauty of such a creation. The idea which seized on me was England's marvellous triumph over the great Spanish Armada. I imagined that glorious victory celebrated by a colossal figure of Britannia, the emblems of freedom in her hand, and the insignia of tyranny beneath her feet. I imagined her standing on some lofty headland looking across the sea which had fought with her in that dread struggle. My project was to devote the greater part of my fortune to carrying out this inspiration; for you know it would have been a costly undertaking, and would have required a substantial starting point."

"My dear Gabriel," said his wife, looking coldly into his unusually animated face, "what a wild plan! What a good thing you gave it up!"

"That is what others said," responded Gabriel, the light fading from his face.

Mrs. Spencer settled herself on a bench.

"I suppose you will want to have a great prowl round?" she said. "I will wait here."

"Very well, dearest. I will not keep you too long. I must, however, mount to that gallery which crowns the pedestal, and which I am told affords a quite incomparable view of the surrounding country."

He looked at her for a moment as if he half hoped she would offer to accompany him. Then he strolled off towards the foot of the monument.

"And suppose they are there when you get back," mused Nell, as he disappeared. "I wish Dick had given me longer notice or a choice in the matter. I wish I had told him"—him in Nell's meditations stood for her husband—"on the way up. Why, I couldn't begin the subject. I shan't be able to pretend I'm surprised if they have arrived, because Dick is sure to say something about his letter. I wonder how much he remembers of Rex Brandon. Not much, I dare say, but one can never tell, and, whatever I do, I must keep clear of dangerous ground. Oh, dear, I wish it was all well over. What a weary world it is, and what a lot of things turn out badly!"

"Nell!" cried a voice behind her, "dare we interrupt your meditations? We have been to your pension and taken rooms, and hearing you were up here, we have followed you. And here's Brandon; you don't need introducing, do you, old chappie?"

Mrs. Spencer had turned with a start at his words.

"Dick!" she exclaimed, "you did so surprise me." In truth, she had turned pale to her lips. Then, gravely putting out her hand, she said: "How do you do, Captain Brandon? It is a long time since we met."

"I suppose it is," said Brandon, taking her hand and holding it. "But to look at you one might think it was yesterday; you are not in the least changed."

"Indeed, I am," said Eleanor, earnestly. "I am completely changed."

"I shall not be able to believe it on your bare assertion," he replied.

"Captain Brandon," she exclaimed, "what an imputation on my character!"

"Come," cried Dick, "don't wrangle. I hope you got my letter. I wrote from Hanover. Where is your good man?"

"Oh," replied his cousin, "he's wandering around somewhere—climbing that huge edifice yonder, I believe."

"And why didn't you go with him?" asked Dick.

"Because I don't care for views, and I detest climbing dark staircases."

"Oh, well, I think one ought to do the thing thoroughly while one is about it, don't you, Brandon? Come along, and see one more of those treats which we have lately learnt to call, 'schone Aussichten.' Can't we persuade you, Nell?"

"Certainly not," says Nell, reseating herself on the bench.

"I will stay too," says Brandon, throwing himself down on the turf. "Views are not in my line either. We'll hear all about it from you and Spencer."

Dick shook his head.

"You lazy people," he said, as he walked away. "I suppose you want to gossip."

But when he left them neither spoke for a long two minutes. Captain Brandon looked steadily at his companion, while she dug holes in the grass with her parasol.

"Are you vexed with me for coming here, Nell?" he asked at last.

"Why should I be vexed?" she asked in return, blushing a little. "Only, please, Captain Brandon, do not call me Nell now."

"Really! Do you mean it?" he said, in surprise.

"Of course I mean it; that will be a proof that I am changed."

"A very trumpery one, Nell—Mrs. Spencer, I mean; but you mustn't be angry with me if the old name slips out now and then unawares. You see, I always think of you as Nell."

"You would do more wisely not to——" then she stopped, remembering her resolution to steer clear of dangerous topics.

"Not to think of you at all," he filled in. "Of course I should; but wisdom is not one of my failings."

She laughed rather a forced laugh.

"You see that colossal erection," she began, hastily, with an evident wish to change the subject. "I dare say you admire it. Well, do you know, my husband has just been telling me that had he remained unmarried, he should have devoted most of his fortune to plagiarizing that in England."

"Good heavens!" cried Captain Brandon. "What a lot of things came to naught because you chose to—well, to marry him."

It was very trying; the subject seemed dangerous too.

"They are an unconscionable time coming back," she began again, rising from her seat. "Shall we go and look for them?"

"As you please," he said, rising too; "though, for my own part, I give them leave to stay as long as they choose."

As he spoke Mr. Spencer and Dick appeared.

"There you are at last," cried Nell. "I thought you were never coming."

"I'm sorry you were uneasy," began Gabriel.

"The fact is," put in Dick, "he couldn't come any quicker. I found him sitting in the staircase rather out of sorts. I was afraid he was going to be ill."

"Oh," went on Gabriel, quickly, "it was nothing serious, dear; just one of my little attacks of breathlessness; we are both quite used to them. I think I hurried a little too much. I'm all right now." Then, turning to his wife's companion, he held out his hand. "Thank you for coming to see us, Captain Brandon," he said. "You are one of the figures which remain in my memory with some of the happiest days of my life. I hear you have been a great traveller since then. I hope you have enjoyed your travels."

Eleanor looked at both as they stood facing one another—from the tall, stalwart figure of the one to the narrow chest and round shoulders of the other, contrasting the pale, delicately chiseled features of the man to whom she was bound with the sunburnt, masculine face of the man she had loved far better. An overwhelming sense of the irrevocable came over her; she longed to kick against the pricks somehow or other; but she settled her face into as quiet an expression as she could command and said:

"If you are not feeling well, Gabriel, we had better be getting back to the carriage. Captain Brandon, we have room for you and Dick if you will drive too."

"Of course they will come with us," said Spencer, kindly. "Dick tells me they have taken rooms at our hotel and mean to stay a week at least."

After all, the sojourn at Detmold seemed shaping itself into a pleasant enough holiday. The week which Dick and his friend had talked of staying lengthened itself out to ten days, and still nothing was said of their going. Of course Mr. Spencer was enjoying himself, and now that his wife had the companionship of her cousin and her old friend, he did not scruple to take some of his enjoyment in his own fashion—"grubbing about," as Nell flippantly expressed it, among the dim chronicles which are roughly traced on those forest hillsides, in cairns, and entrenchments, and half illegible scratches on time-worn rocks.

"You mustn't let him overdo it, though, Nell," says Dick one day.

"My dear Dick," she replies, petulantly, "I must let him please himself. As if I could stop the grubbing about."

"Well," rejoins Dick, "I want to tell you that I don't like the attacks of breathlessness. I think he ought to have advice."

"He has had advice—the very best he could get—and he told me afterwards that there was nothing for me to be anxious about. For goodness sake, don't make him think he's ill. I don't want the care of a valetudinarian added to my daily burden."

"Your daily burden!" scoffs Dick. "I like that, you spoiled darling of the best old man in the world."

After this Dick insisted on their all joining in some of the historical voyages of discovery. He had a true esteem for Spencer, for his unselfishness; for his old-fashioned, chivalrous manners; for his tenderness to his wilful girl-wife; and though he stood somewhat in awe of his scholarship, still it did not bore him to wander to and fro among the hills, listening to Spencer's dissertations on objects which looked to him too much like accidents of nature to have any literary insignificance. In these excursions they naturally fell into pairs, and as Captain Brandon did not share Dick's new sympathy with archæology, and as Nell openly professed contempt for it, it came to pass one evening, as they were returning from a pilgrimage to the sandy heath beyond the forest that Spencer and Dick were walking together through the trimly kept woods on the outskirts of the town. The twilight had already closed in, and under the broad, overhanging beeches it was almost dark. They were walking quickly, for the early German supper hour was at hand.

"Those two are horrible dawdles," began Dick; "they can't want their evening meal as seriously as I do."

"I fear Eleanor is knocked up," said Mr. Spencer; "it has been a very long walk." His voice is husky and tremulous.

"Well, I don't know," said Dick; "but it seems to me she can walk as well as any of us."

"But it has been so hot for her."

This time there was a little gasp as Gabriel Spencer ceased speaking.

"I say, old man," cried Dick, "you're done up yourself. Come, confess it."

The other tried to laugh, but did not succeed.

"I am rather," he admitted faintly.

"Well, then, you must stay here," said Dick, decisively; "sit down on anything, you know, and I'll go and get a carriage."

"I think I will," assented Spencer. "There is one of those little arbors close by, if I remember right. I'll wait there for the others; and Dick, you needn't say anything to Eleanor. We will let her think the carriage is on her account."

"All right," cried Dick, as he started post-haste on his errand.

Then Gabriel Spencer seated himself and rested his head against a pillar of the little rustic summer-house. Each breath was a struggle, and what with the violent beating of his heart and the great throbbing in his ears, he could scarcely listen for the footsteps he wished to arrest. Twice he fancied they were coming; then at last he heard their voices. They were coming slowly, very slowly. He hoped he would have time to recover so far as to be able to speak cheerfully when they reached him. Meanwhile, their voices became audible through the calm summer night. Captain Brandon was speaking.

"But he cannot live for ever," he was saying.

"Can't he?" cried Nell, passionately; "but I tell you he will, if it's only just to baulk me."

What strange words; what a strange tone for his wife to be using to Captain Brandon! Spencer had scarcely time to think that vaguely, when she began again.

"Oh, Rex, why did you go away, and why did you come back like this?"

"I went away," replied Brandon, tenderly, "because I loved you, and I couldn't afford to marry you; and I came back because I love you still—as I have told you—and I can't live without you."

"Rex," she cried—they were opposite the arbor now, Spencer saw the gleam of her white dress—"oh, Rex, if you really loved me as I loved you, you wouldn't have gone. If you love me now, you will take me away with you, anywhere, anyhow, so that we can be happy together."

Then her voice ended in passionate sobs. The bewildering throbbing and beating in Gabriel Spencer's temples calmed suddenly. He rose to his feet, and was himself astonished at the ease with which he sprang forward, when a moment before he had been unable to utter a sound or move a limb.

"My darling," he cried, "my darling, you are safer with me; and perhaps it won't be for so long as you think."

Then, scarcely hearing her agonized cry of horror, he staggered and fell at her feet.

They were bending over him chafing his cold hands, when Dick came back. Between them they lifted him into the carriage, where he lay supported by Dick and his sobbing wife, while they drove slowly homeward. The two men exchanged a few words of explanation in a low tone; but neither of the three breathed a word of the dread which was in the heart of each. An hour afterwards, however, the doctor had given the solemn verdict, and Nell knew that the life she had spoken of so cruelly would stand between her and her old love no more in this world.

* * * * * *

Dick Hervey was the sole executor of Gabriel Spencer's will, which devised all his fortune, except a few unimportant legacies, to his dear wife Eleanor Spencer.

"I shan't touch a single penny of it, Dick," she said, obstinately, when it was all made clear to her. "I couldn't possibly, though I shan't tell you why. Indeed, I have vowed not to touch my husband's money."

"Then what on earth is to be done with it?" protested Dick, in perplexity.

"Oh," she rejoins, "he once had a wild craze for putting up some huge national memorial in imitation of that thing near Detmold. He meant, before he thought of marrying, to give most of his fortune to starting a fund for it. You will, no doubt, find a lot about the scheme among his papers. I should very much like his idea to be carried out."

"But you, Nell, what will become of you?"

"Of me," said Nell, with a weary little groan; "oh, I don't care what becomes of me."

"But, perhaps, some one else cares," began Dick.

"Hush! Don't dare to speak to me of that."

Dick did find the description of the scheme for the Armada Memorial among Spencer's papers; but no definite directions. As to setting about the matter himself, he could as soon have written a book. He asked for advice in all directions; but no one seemed inclined to take the matter up and work out the idea. It would be the work of years and years, Dick heard on all hands, and no one seemed to have years to spare.

As to Captain Brandon, he has gone back to the Antipodes, and people are almost tired of surmising whether he will ever come back and marry his old love, Gabriel Spencer's widow.

A Question of Honor.

BY T. M. V.

A MOURNFUL, restless wind; dead leaves huddled together upon the ground; a few birds singing disconsolately; an avenue of pines, dark and mysterious; and over all the gray, sad light of a late autumn evening. With the hopeless heavens above her, and the dried leaves under foot, stood a young girl. She was clad in gray, and the color harmonized with the sombre hues around her.

When she moved, the sound of her dress, sweeping over the leaves, was hardly distinguishable from the noise made by the wind in the branches.

She was leaning against one of the tall tree trunks. When she raised her head, you could see a look of intense mental suffering in the beautiful, dark eyes.

It was a look neither of defiance nor of resignation; but of dull, hopeless endurance. She was evidently lost in a deep reverie, which was cut short, however, by a man's voice calling her name in a low, distinct tone:

"Agnes!"

She started; but mechanically extended her hand. The man took it, and drew it within his arm, and they commenced pacing up and down.

"I ought to have stayed away, I suppose he said, gloomily; "but I wanted to see you, once more. It was selfish, I know; but—I wanted it."

The girl turned, and looked at him, and then she said, in an anxious tone:

"You look worn. Are you ill, Harold?"

"No, not ill," he answered; "only harassed."

But his face, in the dim half-light, looked terribly pale and careworn. He looked as a gambler might, who out of a large fortune has staked and lost his last shilling.

"We shall have rain, soon," he observed, presently; "had we not better go indoors? Imprudent as ever, I see—you have nothing round your shoulders."

These last words were uttered in a tone of infinite tenderness; yet, as she heard them, as if she had been suddenly hurt, great tears dulled the girl's eyes, and gathered and quivered on her long lashes. Her companion seemed not to notice them, but he drew her toward the house.

Already, as they went swiftly up the garden, the rain began to fall, and the wind met them in cold, wet gusts, and swept by them, to roar and revel in the avenue of dark pines they had just quitted. They entered the drawing-room by an open French window.

"Will you sit down?" asked Agnes.

"No," he answered, impetuously. "Let us go once more to the old, dear room—your own place."

So they left the drawing-room, with its handsome, unsympathetic furniture, its cold looking, flowing white curtains, and traversed long, silent, dim passages, till they reached a remote corner of the old house, where a winding staircase led to a low roofed, oak panelled room, known, by courtesy, as Miss Desborough's boudoir; though in reality it more resembled a small library.

Book-shelves rose all about it, yet besides these, there was not much furniture in the quaint, simple room. A writing-table stood near the window, and at one end was a harmonium nearly always open. On one side of the fireplace was a velvet-covered couch, and on the other a carved arm-chair of old English oak, well piled with crimson cushions. There were few girlish knick-knacks anywhere; but the few pictures on the walls were well chosen.

"I am glad to see that Mrs. Brooks takes good care of you still," the man said, as they met, on entering, the scent and sight of a freshly-kindled wood fire. "No, don't ring for lights, please," noticing her hand upon the bell. "If you don't mind, this firelight is so much pleasanter. Sit down, won't you, in your old place on the sofa?"

He shut the door, and so doing roused the echoes, which clamored an instant, and then ceased in the distance. He sat down in a chair opposite Agnes, and for a few moments there was silence, save for the low crackling of the fire. At length he said, in a constrained, unnatural-sounding voice:

"Well, are you glad to see me?"

She answered, her words coming with difficulty:

"How can I be glad?"

"Are you sorry then?"

"How can I be sorry?"

"I came," he went on, raising, and resting his arms upon the mantelpiece, "because to-morrow is my wedding day."

A hardly audible "Yes" was her only answered; but a wave of inborn agony swept over her face, leaving it bleached as by excess of bodily pain. After a pause he continued, still keeping his eyes away from her:

"Since it is to be done, 'tis best done quickly. I don't want you to think me worse than I am. You know how I have loved you. I told you of my love in the spring, but you held me off, and seemed to play with me. Did you feel too certain of me, or not certain enough of yourself, to give me a decided answer? Which ever it was I got sick of suspense. I am easily depressed, perhaps. I said to myself that I would find rest somewhere; and it was in that mood that in an evil hour I turned to your friend. At first I truly meant only to flirt with her. I think I had some vague idea of revenging myself on the sex.

"But soon I saw that she had taken me seriously, and that, with all her innocent heart, she loved me. I was not bad enough to turn from her then, though, I began just then to see the pain in your eyes. She had lived her life hitherto for others, with no thought or hope of anything for herself; and now a great, new joy seemed to kindle her whole nature. I could not break her pure heart, could I, Agnes? To-morrow she will be my wife. I did not feel sure of your love until I was her promised husband, and then it was too late. And now—I wish I were going to my grave."

He had spoken quickly, like a man who was hurried on by some impulse against his own intention. Agnes kept silent, meanwhile her long, slender hands clasping and unclasping each other as they lay upon her lap.

"I have said all I have to say," he resumed, "and it is not well for me to stay longer. Good-bye."

Her lips rather formed than uttered her farewell. She gave him her hand without rising; and as he closed the door the echoes woke, and clamored, and died in the distance. Outside the room, worn out by the stress of emotion through which he had passed, he leaned heavily against the wall. He felt a strange temptation to linger. There was the room in which he had hoped and despaired; there had he taken that mad, fatal resolve which had severed him from the woman he loved.

He must have been lost in these bitter recollections for several minutes, when he became aware of a sweet, familiar sound—Agnes was playing on her harmonium; but in the long, deep drawn cadences there was no soul, to-night. She was playing mechanically. It was like a musician playing in his sleep. Then, abruptly, the music ceased, and he fancied he heard a cry as of one in pain.

It was only the wind, he thought; yet he lingered and listened. The wind came sweeping round the house, and he heard the crackling of the wood-fire within. Then he thought he heard a sound like a low, suppressed sob. He could hold out no longer.

He went back into the room; and, as again the door closed upon him, the echoes woke and clamored, as if in reproach, and died away in the distance.

She was lying on the sofa with her face buried in the cushions, her beautiful body shaken by the long, passionate sobs.

"My darling," he cried, falling beside her on his knees, raising her in his arms, and turning her face towards him by force, "are you ill?"

"Why have you come back?" she moaned. "Why did you not leave me alone with my misery?"

"The punishment falls on both of us," he answered; "let us bear it together."

"No," she cried, almost fiercely, pushing him from her, and looking at him with eyes wherein tears had turned to fire. "No, it does not fall on both of us. It falls upon me, and upon me only. You have ceased to love me. If you had still cared for me, you could not have left me as you did just now."

"Agnes," he said, bitterly, "have I gone through the pains of death for your sake, just to be reproached by you?"

"Then, as she thought that this might have been the night before her own wedding, had things been other than they were, a keen pang of unjust hate against that other woman, her so innocent rival, shot through her heart. She cried out passionately:

"Oh, Harold, consider what you are

about to do. It is not too late yet. Oh, my dearest love, know how I love you! Can you make a woman happy not loving her? Will you ruin three lives?"

And he answered, very slowly:

"Yes, I can make her happy. She is happy now. She has missed nothing in me. I have had so much suffering in my life, that I know how to conceal it. You, yourself, just now thought me unmoved and cold."

"And you mean to waste and ruin my life—to strike dead my youth? And I am so young."

He let go her hands—poor, slender, quivering hands. He rose, and stood a little way from her, and then said in a strange, hollow voice.

"Agnes, if you won't help me, what shall I do? There is no way of escape. I have done wrong things enough in my life, but I have never broken my word or forfeited my honor. That woman loves me; and I sought her love. I owe her a debt which I dare not refuse to pay. Shall the woman I love, and who loves me make me for the first time break faith with my honor?"

The girl sat quite still. A great struggle seemed going on in her heart. She lifted he hands wearily to her head at last, and pushed back her heavy hair. She said, in a faint, low tone, as one spent by struggle:

"I suppose you are right, Harold; and I will try not to make things harder for you."

Again he fell on his knees beside her.

"Oh, my one, sweet love," he cried, "my only love, whatever comes, if we had only known!"

He buried his face in her lap; he kissed her hands, her dress, a cross which hung upon her breast. He seemed striving to compress in these few last moments all the demonstrations of love that might have belonged to a long life, lived out to the full.

The waves had indeed gone over him, and let him spent and broken. There was something almost terrible in this outburst of the passionate love that had so long been kept under; this love which henceforth was to hunger and thirst through all his life; this poor, fettered love, striving to get free; this love which, having all in its grasp, yet renounced all at the inexorable call of her honor. His arms were round her, her head upon his shoulder, and the darkness grew around them as the light of the intended fire waned. They remained thus for nearly an hour, when Harold pressed her a little closer to him.

She shuddered, knowing what that meant. Then he unwound his arms, and they both rose. For a moment they stood apart; then they came blindly together, and, for the first time, that night, their lips met and clove in one long strenuous kiss. Then they parted, and desecrated the silence by no word. Then the door closed once more behind him, and the echoes, which notion of his should never again waken, clamored a last, melancholy farewell.

She stood in the centre of the room, where they had kissed each other—a woman turned, it almost seemed, to stone. For her the end of joy, which means much the same thing as the end of life, had come.

They had given up all life held of brightness to their idea of honor. One may easily question if that idea were just—if marriage be ever justified by any motive of duty—and pity—anything short of the uttermost love—but, for the sake of what they conceived to be right, they had given all they possessed, to the uttermost farthing.

Which shall one pity most—the woman left alone in the haunted room, where she had foregone what would have been the supreme happiness of her life; or the man going home alone, through the windy darkness, to face the beginning of a new life, to work out his salvation in obedience to what he conceived to be the law of honor?

In his thirty-eighth year Harold Gordon died, and after that a strange, new friendship sprang up between his wife, Mary, and Agnes—the woman he had married, and the woman he had loved. But soon the changes of life separated them.

For Mary took another mate,
But Agnes lived unwedded till her death.

COMPENSATIONS.—There are compensations in every lot. Not only will "every winter changed to spring," and every spring to the high noon of God's eternal summer; but every spring is visited by airs of summer, and in every winter, though often hidden beneath the snows which preserve as well as hide them, lie the germs of all that makes the bounty and the promise of spring. If we are of the "blind who have eyes," if, as we look out on the dark mystery of human life, we accept such lights as break the darkness, we shall see that present evil brings present good, as well as speaks of larger good to come. The storms that strew our coasts with wrecks carry beneath their broad wings healthful air-currents, without which all Nature would languish. The frost that strips the fields of their green array, and hushes the music of the babbling brook, has uses and beauties of its own; it comes only when the harvest has been gathered in, and comes to plough the fields, to break up and cleanse the clods, and so prepare them to yield yet another harvest. In things evil there is a soul of good; and the soul is more and more enduring than the evil body. What greater evil than war? And yet even war may rouse a whole nation to higher aims than mere traffic contemplates, and convert the fop into a hero. What more terrible than famine? And yet famine itself may draw out the noblest moral qualities in its victims, and qualities only less noble in their neighbors. So true it is that—"As Night brings out stars, so Sorrow brings out truth"—that almost every man will confess his most precious experiences and acquisition, those in which he most trusts to guide and enrich him in the future, to be the gifts of Adversity.

THE "MARSEILLAISE."

The present century will be noted amongst other things, for its commemorations of centenaries, bi-centenaries, etc. No doubt the custom is a good one from many points of view. It is only to be regretted, perhaps, that the person or persons in whose honor the commemorative ceremonies are held are unable to witness them.

The recent commemoration in France of the "Marseillaise" centenary was an event probably never dreamt of by the composer, Rouget de Lisle. On the night of the 25th April 1792, immediately after the declaration of war between France, Prussia and Austria was proclaimed in Strasbourg, the poet and musician, who had partaken of a champagne dinner with Baron Dietrich, Mayor of Strasbourg, was requested by the latter to compose a war song appropriate for the occasion. He promised to do so, and quitted his host and the assembled company at once, greatly impressed with the idea.

Passing through the silent streets, encumbered with cannon, war chariots, and firearms, his enthusiasm redoubled, as he himself related. On regaining his furnished room he took his violin. With his voice and the bow, it is related, he worked at the words and the music simultaneously; a few successful notes suggested half a verse, and a good couplet encouraged the hesitating melody.

The following morning Dietrich and his friends came to remind the musician of his promise. Rouget de Lisle was half dead with fatigue; he sang notwithstanding. The effect was wonderful. Dietrich decided that the hymn should be executed with chorus and orchestra at the approaching departure of the volunteers.

This was done on the following day. It would appear, however, that the soldiers were not so favorably impressed with it then as the Mayor. Whilst listening to it, they asked amongst themselves, "What sort of tune is that, one would say that it had moustaches;" whatever that may signify.

The hymn appeared for the first time in Marseilles, in a newspaper edited by Dietrich. It was not known in Paris till the day when the Marseillaise federates sung it on entering the capital. The enthusiasm was then indescribable. On the 28th of September a decree from the Convention ordained that the Marseillaise should be sung throughout the Republic.

Several attempt have been made to change the words of the "Marseillaise" for others more suitable to special circumstances, but always without success. De Lisle himself tried more than once to do so, with the same result. Nothing has as yet been found superior to the inspiration of the moment, and the longer the interval which elapses between the composition of the orignal and anything to supercede it, the less chance there is of the latter being accepted.

The words and the music, as they now stand, seem made for each other, as the poet and musician intended them to be. German musicographs have sought from time to time to prove that the "Marseillaise" is of German origin.

One declared that it was an ancient German canticque; another affirmed that it had been composed by an obscure organist in Saxony. Our foreign contemporary, highlyindignant at such attempted larceny exclaims that the Germans would do far better to prove that the German Handel is real author of "God save the King," and that the same is not of French origin, as has often been said.

In 1830, Berlioz arranged the "Marseillaise" for two choirs, and an instrumental mass. He had hardly finished it, when the Revolution broke out. Paris, at this epoch, resounded every hour with martial music and patriotic songs.

One day, it is related, Berlioz was crossing the court of the Palais Royal, when he met a group of ten or a dozen young men singing a national hymn. He joined them. Arriving at the Colbert Gallery, the patriots all entered a mercer's shop, and going up to the first floor sang the "Marseillaise" before a numerous public gathered in front of the house.

At the first few bars, the noisy crowd singing below stopped and listened. After each verse the same silence. Berlioz then remembered that he had just arranged Rouget de Lisle's song for grand orchestra and double chorus, and that instead of words, tenor, bass, &c., usually written in the margin, he had put "All who have a voice, a heart, and blood in the veins," to sing.

When, therefore, they arrived at the fourth verse, he could not restrain himself any longer, and shouted to the people below, "Eh! sacre-dieu! Sing then!" And the people responded immediately, "To arms, citizens!" with the unanimity and energy of a practised choir.

Lisle's statue represents him in the act of composing the national hymn, and the inscription on the principle face of the monument reads, "To Rouget de Lisle, author of the 'Marseillaise'—25 April, 1792."

By this work alone his reputation was made, by it he has obtained immortal fame. As a proof of the vitality of the "Marseillaise," M. Goblet reminds us that although it was proscribed under the Empire and the monarchical governments it still lived in the memory of the people, and came to life again, as it were, whenever liberty took the offensive. When the latter succumbed it was silent.

In 1830 it was heard again, also in 1848, each time with renewed enthusiasm. The Revolution vanquished it was once more neglected. One day, however, under the Second Empire, during the exhibition of 1867, an Austrian band played it, in compliment to the French nation. It was like a resurrection. Three years later it resounded again to encourage the people to resist their old enemy.

THE LOST FINGER.—A retired farmer named Blunt came to live in town upon his income and naturally brought with him the economical habits which had enabled him to save a fortune. One day Blunt required some carpentry work about his house, and being of a mechanical turn, and rather handy, resolved to do it himself. He bought his lumber in one place at a starvation price, took it to a factory, and begged the privileged of using the buzz saw to slit it, instead of hiring it done.

The owner good-naturally rigged up the machine, and Blunt went to work. After a time an outcry was heard, and Blunt was seen doubled up like a jack-knife, nursing his right hand.

Upon inquiry as to his hurts he answered:

"I've sawed my finger off."

Some one then suggested that if the lost finger could be found it would in time grow on again. A search was made without success. A bystander finally said:

"Lay a penny on the saw-bench, and then watch for the finger."

It was done, when lo! the sawdust was seen to be in a commotion, and out popped the lost finger and pounced down on the penny with a vice-like grip.

It was claimed that a crowbar was necessary to pry the finger off from the penny in order to secure it.

AN OLD Highlander, rather fond of his glass, was ordered by his doctor during a temporary ailment not to take more than one ounce of spirits in the day. The old man was a little dubious about the amount and asked his boy, who was attending school, how much an ounce was. "An ounce—sixteen drams, one ounce." "Sixteen drams!" exclaimed the delighted Highlander. "Guaw, no' so bad. Run and tell Tonal Martavish and Big Duncan to come doon the nicht."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The new train for the use of the Imperial Russian family consists of 14 carriages. The saloon is divided into two and upholstered in red silk. The dining-room is in carved oak. The Empress's bed-room is in turquoise blue silk, and the bed is slung hammock-wise, in order to obviate shaking. The ornamentation is in mosaic of precious woods. It is all very splendid doubtless, but the German Emperor has beaten his Russian brother in the matter of luxurious Imperial trains. The reception-saloon, with groups of statuary, does not appear in the catalogue of effects in the Czar's train.

A Cincinnati paper tells the following story: "When in the city we do not act half so idiotic as city folks do on a farm. Why, do you know that last summer a student from the Cincinnati University visited my farm, and one day when I started to get some young potatoes, took the basket from my hand and said he'd get them. Half an hour later he came back with an empty basket, saying that he had hunted all over the patch and could find nothing but blossoms. There was not a single potato on the vines. I thought he would drop when I took the hoe and began digging them out of the ground. He said he thought they grew on top of the vines."

Mrs. Emma Drew, of South Norridgewock, Me., is a very busy woman. She carries on a farm, keeps a horse and cow, makes butter for market and sells eggs, besides doing her housework and caring for five little children. After her household duties are completed in the morning she puts up the dinners for the children, harnesses her horse, takes two of her children and drives to Martin Stream, where she has a school of seventeen children that she teaches every day in the week but Saturdays. Mrs. Drew is not too driven with work to be a regular attendant at church on Sundays and her spare moments are engaged in canvassing for different publications.

A race on wooden legs from Bordeaux to Biarritz and back, a distance of 360 miles, was begun yesterday. Eighty-one stilt runners entered for this race, left the Hotel de la Gironde at eight o'clock yesterday morning, being "played off" by a brass band. They were accompanied by a party of bicyclists, whose duty was to see that fair play was observed. Among the racers was the Arcachon baker, Silvain Dornon, who travelled on stilts, or claimed to have done so, from Paris to Moscow. A quarter of an hour after the stilt racers had set out from Bordeaux a party of 18 women and young girls, also mounted on stilts, left Bordeaux for Cernay, having undertaken to run there and back, a distance of 50 miles, in the day.

A story is told in the Medical Record of how an hotel proprietor was hoist with his own petard by a doctor. The doctor, who arrived at the hotel late in the evening, at once went to bed. When looking over his bill, before leaving, he noticed he was charged for supper on the night of his arrival. His objection to the charge on the ground that he had had no supper was met by the clerk saying "But you were here and might have had it." The doctor at once made out a bill for medical services and presented it to the clerk, who replied he was not aware the doctor had been called on for medical service. "Oh, no," said the doctor, "but I was here, and I might have been." No further demand was made for the questioned item.

Here is the story of a servant girl, who has not found leap year a failure. She lives in Portland, Me. A Boston paper says the girl told her mistress that she was going to get married, and showed her some wedding clothes and a hat that she had bought. "What does the young man do?" asked the mistress. "Shure, an' I aint seen him yit," was the reply, "but me mother says I must git married this year, anyway." The two had actually arranged everything before the man was even thought of. Soon after the girl told her mistress that she met a young man and was going to make him marry her. She began to send him various little presents, boxes of candy, etc. She couldn't read or write and got the children of the household to direct the parcels for her. So well did the girl and her mother manage that, contrary to the wishes of the young man's family, he was courted and married and settled down in less than three months from the time he first met his bride.

Our Young Folks.

IN ARCTIC SEAS.

BY L. T. MEADE

"WE ARE in for it, Mr. Pulley," the captain of the Dolphin said to his mate, as the two stood together on the deck.

"I'm afraid we are, sir; these gales have driven us a good many miles out of our course, and no mistake!" the mate answered him.

As far as the eye could see the vessel was surrounded by huge masses of ice, tumbled or tossed about, or piled up in beautiful pinnacles glistening like crystals. The unfortunate Dolphin was ice-bound, and very strangely desolate she appeared as she lay there, her rigging and spars coated with snow, and the great white "field" stretching out on all sides.

The captain walked the frosty deck with an unusually anxious expression, as he had his wife, his son Rob, and little daughter Hetty aboard, and the look-out for them was not pleasant. A series of terrible gales had for days driven the ship helplessly before them, then had followed thick foggy weather, and when that lifted Captain Bluff found himself surrounded by ice-floes, which gathered more rapidly as the days advanced, though he knew the wind must blow from a different quarter soon and disperse them. Still, in the meantime he had nothing to do but wait, and endure the discomfort as best he might.

"I say, dad," a gleeful voice exclaimed at his elbow, "is it true what the men say, that we shall perhaps be fast here for several days?"

"Is it quite true, daddy?" another voice exclaimed. The skipper's face brightened as he turned towards the last speaker, a little blue-eyed girl, and lifted her up in his strong arms.

"Yes, Rob," he replied to the sturdy, rosy-cheeked boy in front of him, "it's quite true. So you must look after my little mermaid here, and try to keep out of mischief, and take care of her at the same time."

"Oh, I'll do that, father. Eskimo Jack says he will teach me how to drive his team of dogs in the sledge upon the ice; and I'll take Sis with me," Rob said excitedly. "Come on, Hetty."

"No, no, Rob," Captain Bluff answered; "you must not take her with you yet, till I see you can manage the sledge properly; and mind you do not go far from the ship's side, either."

"All right, father. Come along, Sis, and see me start off with Jack"; and away scampered the headstrong youth, with the flaxen-haired sister at his heels, happy because it was Rob she followed, for, after her father, Hetty thought Rob the greatest hero that ever lived.

Apart from his wilfulness, Rob certainly was a nice boy, and a general favorite with all—from the mate, who had taught him how to handle a gun, down to Eskimo Jack the Greenlander, who in broken English had promised to show him the way to drive a team of dogs over the snow in first-rate style.

Day after day passed, and the Dolphin still lay helpless, the crew kept busy in clearing the snow from her decks, for it fell in heavy showers at times. The cold too was intense, for the sun's light had little power, though it rose each day, looking like a great ball of fire in the sky, and surrounded by a brilliant halo, that at once set the children questioning.

"Is it the same sun we have at home, daddy?" Hetty asked; "that has no ring round it."

And when her father tried to explain how it was the cold made the sun look as if it had a halo, Hetty would open her blue eyes and wonder more than ever.

Rob seemed bent on getting plenty of enjoyment out of his short taste of Arctic life.

Sometimes he would accompany the crew, headed by the captain or Mr. Pulley, when they went out with guns to shoot wild birds to supply the table on board the Dolphin, and in a very short time besides, under the Greenlander's guidance, he learnt to manage the dog team in a very creditable manner, so that he and Hetty had fine fun together, being careful not to go far from the ship, as it was feared a stray wolf might wander into the neighborhood.

Rob, in spite of his headstrong wilfulness, was very tender and careful with Hetty, whom he loved with all his boyish heart.

"Ay, but they make a bonnie pair!" the sailors would say as they paused in their work to watch the children.

You will easily understand, then, the consternation there was throughout the ship when, during the afternoon of the eighth day of the Dolphin's arrival, it was discovered that Rob and Hetty were nowhere to be found, having started out together in the sledge, and after an absence of nearly two hours had not returned.

Poor Mrs. Bluff was half distracted with fear, but the captain, just then returning from a shooting expedition, decided that everyone who could be spared from the Dolphin should go in search of them; and telling his wife not to be alarmed, for they could have come to no harm, he shouldered his gun and started off to lead the party, feeling angry with Rob, whose thoughtlessness so often caused trouble to others.

Now, the fact was Rob had persuaded Hetty to go with him in the sledge to see some wonderful ice-caves he had discovered in one of his rambles.

"Are they far, Rob dear," she asked timidly.

"No, Sis. I can soon take you there with the dogs, and they are so beautiful, like the fairy palaces you read about. And there are lots of wild birds flying about, so you shall see me shoot one if you like," added Rob persuasively.

"Let's wait and go with father," Hetty suggested, rather alarmed at the startling programme.

But Rob said "No." He wanted her to go at once, and in his usual headstrong fashion carried the day. Hetty crept under the warm rug beside him, and with a "La la there! whoo whoop!" and a crack of the whip, the dogs were off, bounding away, with the light sledge skimming merrily over the hard ice behind them.

It seemed a long way to Hetty, much farther from the ship than she was ever before. Indeed, the Dolphin was lost to view when she turned to look, though her brother assured her it was only the lumps of ice that hid it from sight. Besides, here were the caves.

"Come and see how beautifully they glisten," he said, as he scrambled out, and led her beneath a low archway in the side of a great cliff of ice.

It really was just as Rob had described it—like a fairy palace. The ice hung down in great thick columns, and the light of day shining dimly through made everything look a most beautiful blue in color. They wandered about admiring the cave till Rob's appetite warned him it was time to think of getting back.

So they turned to the sledge and made ready to drive away. Just as the boy was about to take his place beside his sister the dogs began barking and whining in a strange manner, and turning himself about to see what caused them to behave so, Rob's eye caught a glimpse of the shaggy form of a gigantic bear standing watching the party intently.

In an instant the lad took in the danger of the position, and fearing lest Hetty also might catch sight of the monster, he turned the dogs swiftly round, and stepping in, seized the whip and urged them forward. As he did so, Bruin, with a low growl, gave a clumsy bound, and at a smart trot set off following.

"What is that funny shuffling sound behind us, Rob?" Hetty asked—a question her brother pretended not to hear, though he had his hand on the gun by his side.

Another moment and the bear was alongside, and the dogs, by instinct feeling their danger, came suddenly to a standstill, and faced about to meet their enemy and fight for dear life. Then it was that poor Hetty realized their danger, as with wild barks the dogs flew upon the great beast, who lifted the leader of the team in his shaggy white paws, and hugged the life out of it as easily as if it had been a rabbit.

"Oh, save poor Disko!" cried Hetty.

Rob knew their own lives were at stake beside, and though his heart beat wildly, his hand was steady, as he raised his gun, took aim, and fired.

It was a fortunate shot; the bullet entered the bear just below the ear, and when the smoke lifted there lay Bruin upon the ice, with the dead Disko still clutched tightly to his shaggy breast.

Just then a shout was heard, and hurrying towards the children came Captain Bluff and his crew. They had heard the reports of Rob's gun, and it had guided them to the spot, where they arrived just in time to witness the white bear's last struggles as he lay dying.

The joy with which the children were welcomed back to the ship may be imagined better than described, and though his father lectured Rob severely for so thoughtlessly running himself and Hetty into so terrible a danger, he added that he was proud to see the way he had behaved in such trying circumstances.

The Dolphin floated safely out of the ice-pack a few days later, the bear's skin being carried away in her as a trophy. Rob never looked at it afterwards without remembering how his recklessness had nearly cost his own life and that of the dearest little sister in the world.

AT THE WAITER'S EXPENSE.—A certain literary gentleman, whose manner of speaking was extremely deliberate, and who disapproved of impetuosity of any sort in any circumstance, had an amusing experience in a restaurant one day.

He was a well-known figure among the patrons of this particular restaurant, as he seldom dined anywhere else, and he generally was served by a waiter who had become used to his way of speaking; but one day a new waiter took his order, and brought his soup.

"I cannot eat this soup," said the gentleman, slowly, not looking up from his plate, after he had summoned the waiter for the second time.

The man seized the offending dish before the customer could finish the sentence, and vanished with it.

He reappeared in a very short time with another supply of the same soup, which he placed before the gentleman, and then stood regarding him with an anxious face, wondering what could be the reason that the soup remained untasted.

"I cannot eat this soup," again remarked the literary man in the same slow and deliberate manner.

"Why not, sir? What is the matter?" stammered the unhappy waiter, who had been told he was serving an important person.

"I cannot eat this soup," said the literary genius, calmly, for the third time, "because I have not as yet been provided with a spoon."

And looking up to catch the expression of relief on the waiter's face, he indulged in the low chuckle which was the only expression of amusement to which he ever gave way.

HOW HUNGER IS CAUSED.—What is the cause of the sensation of hunger? The popular instinct of course answers, Want of food; and no doubt that is the explanation that lies nearest the investigator. Food has been called the fuel of life—though it would be more correct to say that the fuel of life is that whereof food is the raw material—to wit, the tissues of the body themselves. But, without over-subtle refining, it is very apparent that if we withhold that which builds up its fuel, the fire of life will soon be quenched.

Hunger is the first warning signal given to let us know that the body's store of fuel needs replenishing; and in this sense it may be said that the want of food causes the pain of hunger. But if want of food causes the hunger-pang, it is strange that the administration of substances that are not food will dispel it.

For example, chewing or smoking tobacco, eating lumps of clay, as do some South American Indians and other tribes, will remove the painful sensation of hunger quite as effectually—for the time at least—as a hearty meal. The theory of hunger may thus be formulated.

Fasting produces a general change in the organism as a whole. This again brings about a specific change in a particular part of the organism—the stomach—of which the pain of hunger is the local symptom. Direct applications, such as a bolus of food, or even of clay, temporarily relieve this local feeling of pain by neutralizing the specific local changes to which that feeling owes its origin.

Indirect applications, again, such as the injection of milk into the blood, correct the general alteration of the system produced by want of food. By doing so, they correct those local gastric changes produced by the general effect of fasting in the system—changes which render the local manifestations of hunger possible.

REASON FOR MORTIFICATION.—At the loot of the Summer Palace, during the Chinese War, an enterprising officer secured a good many little memorials of the "Son of the Moon and First Cousin of the Stars:" but what always filled him with regret was the information he afterwards received from a native official—

"You barbarians took a good many things away, but you left the lions upon the entrance gates, which surprised us very much."

"We didn't think so much of them as you do, from an artistic point of view," replied the officer, indifferently, "and it was no time to encumber ourselves with brass things."

"My good sir, they were solid gold."

The officer took to his bed, and had a serious illness from mere mortification at his want of sagacity.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A. B. C. Dorsey is the name of one of the Gainesville, Ga., citizens.

Petrie Rmnchzixkonskekowlowski is the name of a resident of Buffalo, N. Y.

There is a chicken living at Seymour, Indiana, which is said to have four wings and four legs.

Embossed books for the use of blind persons have been prepared in more than 250 languages and dialects.

A German scientist has proved that the character of their food affects the color of the plumage of the birds.

A merchant has been fined $25 at Frankfort, Germany, for using a Bible quotation to head an advertisement.

Maine is a favorite State for meetings. During 30 days this summer it is to have nearly 70 important conventions of various kinds.

Wolfe has counted the lines Shakspeare's great characters speak. Hamlet has 1569 lines, Iago 1117, Othello 880 and Lear 770.

Twins were born at Mt. Vernon, Ind., recently, one a boy and the other a girl. The boy was born with a heavy growth of whiskers.

The Horse Accident Prevention Society in London reports that twice as many horses fall upon asphalt as upon wood pavements.

At Paterson, N. J., one night recently, an electric car was the means employed in capturing a thief who had stolen a horse and carriage.

The construction of the English building at the World's Fair has been begun. England takes the lead of all the foreign nations in this work.

There are more divorces granted in the United States than in all the rest of the Christian world put together. Americans are very discriminative—after marriage.

A Jersey cow at Huntsville, Ala., it is said, has broken the record as a rich milk producer, 6020 pounds and 13 ounces of butter having already been made, with four more days to end her year's test.

There is no missionary in Afghanistan, with her 6,000,000 people. Annam, with 5,000,000, has only Roman Catholic missionaries. India has one missionary to 275,000 people; Persia, one to 300,000; Thibet, one to 2,000,000.

It cannot be doubted that people laughed at Mrs. Robert Leighton when she married Robert, for he was only 17 and she was 23. But when she died in Buffalo, recently, she was 101 years old, and had outlived her husband a number of years.

A few nights ago a citizen of Rock Mount, N. C., was awakened from his slumber by hearing a pet chicken squeaking. He arose and found the chicken under the house, with one foot partly in the ground. Cutting around it with his pen-knife, he discovered a craw fish gnawing away on it. The craw fish had already devoured one toe.

There are now six unmarried Sovereigns in Europe. The Grand Duke of Hesse, the Prince of Bulgaria, the Infant Monarchs of Spain, Holland and Servia, and the unhappy King of Bavaria. The young Khedive is also still a bachelor. Of these seven, however, only the Prince of Bulgaria and the Grand Duke are of marriageable age and condition.

The richest woman in the world lives in South America, near Santiago. She owns the entire town of Lota, which has 7000 inhabitants, and nearly all of the adjoining town of Coronel. She lives in a magnificent mansion in the centre of the finest private park in the world, and is supplied with the luxuries of every clime, brought to her door by her own steamships from the most remote countries.

The station agent of the Chicago and Erie Railway at Deciffe, Ohio, and who is also the telegraph operator, was run over one night recently by a car, and had both his legs cut off and his body horribly mutilated. There being no one to send for help, the man had the trainmen hold him up to the instrument while he telegraphed for a doctor, and also to headquarters. He died shortly after sending the message.

An extraordinary event took place some days ago at Kazan, Russia. The ladies of that town held a public demonstration in order to compel their husbands and other male relatives to grant them admission to their clubs, where gambling is carried on. These ladies have firmly resolved not to stay alone in the house any longer while their husbands are paying their respects to the queen of spades. The demonstration has turned out a complete success. The ladies are now admitted to the clubs which their husbands attend. They even bring their babies with them.

Two hardy women from Los Angeles appeared at the land office in Santa Fe, N. M., one day last March, and filed upon homesteads which they had located. The land is on the eastern slope of the Zuni mountains, and in order to reach the place the women had to travel 18 miles from the railroad station, walking much of the time, because of the bad roads, and often wading through two feet of snow. A number of men were waiting at the railroad settlement for the snow to thaw, so that they could locate claims, but the women said they had no time to wait, and they waded through the snow.

A SMILE AND A KISS.

BY E. C.

No matter how sombre or dark are the clouds
  Enveloping life's gloomy sky;
No matter how heavy the trouble and grief
  That on our poor, aching hearts lie—
A magic there is, which can lighten the clouds,
  And can soften our heartache the while;
And this wonderful magic, so potent and sure,
  Is wrought by a kiss and a smile.

Tho' we own all the wealth that the Indies can give;
  Tho' our station is lofty and grand;
E'en tho' 'mid the proud titled ones of the earth
  The proudest, most honored we stand,
What joy will it bring, if never to us
  Is felt that emotion of bliss,
Which comes to our heart when we know that for us
  Is waiting a smile and a kiss!

FORGOTTEN SONGS.

Where are last year's songs? Have they all utterly perished and gone down into silence? Shall we never hear again the refrains that a few short months ago issued from the lips of every street boy? Probably not, unless some extraordinary revolution in human nature takes place with the close of the century.

Every other animal, with the exception of a few imitative birds, sings the same song year after year and century after century. But man has got no distinctive note. We may hear the lions roaring as Isaiah heard them; the cry of the cuckoo is the same now as when the Romans named the bird; the frogs croak and the hoopoe sings as they did to the ear of Aristophanes; the sparrows twitter as did Lesbia's sparrow.

Not so our own race. We get tired of our music. Since the days of Horace men have been laughed at for singing old songs, and nowadays the "old song" has become the very emblem of worthlessness, ranking with figs, pins, raps, straws, and other such unconsidered trifles.

Nowhere is this fact more strikingly exhibited than in those ditties which rapidly catch the popular ear. Who now cares about Annie Rooney? There was a time when ten thousand vocalists unceasingly proclaimed that she was their honey, and they her joy.

Once we used to be referred to our grandfather's clock, but that, it is believed, stopped short, never to go again; and we sincerely hope it never will. All these phantoms of silent songs, to borrow the Laureate's phrase, have gone to Bally Hooly to the tune of the Boulanger march, and have come to be numbered among old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago. Even the song of the hour—if there be a song of of the hour—will likewise fade away before the winds of autumn have stripped the trees of their leaves and we shall quickly forget what first tickled our fancies, then bored us, and finally drove some of us almost to seek a watery grave in the silver Thames or a more certain and rapid means of destruction at the crossing so appropriately situated in front of St. George's Hospital.

One wonders sometimes what a really old song was alike. What song did the coxswain sing to the companions of Ulysses as they bent their backs to the oar on the loud-sounding ocean? What song did Ulysses himself hear from the lips of the Sirens? What was the song which the daughters of Israel could not sing in hostile Babylon?

The misfortune is that, though the words of some of the oldest songs have been handed down to us, we know little or nothing about the music and the dancing which nearly always accompanied them. In the Gregorian chants, sometimes heard in our churches, we get a very ancient form of music, and probably in the monotonous crooning of a rustic mother to her child we get the most ancient of all.

But the old songs one feels an interest in are rather those productions of a later period, at the time when men knew how to compose lyrical poetry and understood how to play the lyre. As far as words go there are plenty of fragments and snatches of old popular Greek songs that may be read in anthologies. One of the prettiest is the children's "Swallow Song."

Directly it became known that the first swallow had arrived, all the little children formed themselves into bands and went round singing at the neighbors' houses. "The swallow has come, has come!" they cried, and with terrible threats they demanded a gift, ending, however, with the reassuring remark, "We are not grown-up people, but only children."

It was a pretty song, of which the words remain; but the tune, like all old tunes, can only be guessed at. Our own May-day children in the country sing their garland song to a kind of drone when they sing at all.

Of late years the singing has become less common, and the spectator is supposed to be amply rewarded for his coppers by a sight of the doll seated in a garland of flowers from which the protecting pocket-handkerchief is for a few moments graciously withdrawn. Other Greek popular songs there are, chiefly of a convivial nature; and most of us have read a little of Anacreon (as we may call him or them) either at first or second-hand. If not, we are not ignorant of Herrick, Moore, and the majority of our lyrical poets.

But if Greece had pretty songs Italy had them also. In ancient Rome, as in modern American, there was every kind of song—sentimental, patriotic, and epidemic.

While the Roman young lady was obliging with a dance and a ravishing love-ditty during some artificially protracted feast, the Roman street boy was knocking 'em in the Appian way with his own peculiar melody. There were songs to the rose, and there were skits on the Cæsars: there were strains inspiring young men to fight, and others inciting them to love. In fact the songs of all times were the same in form and spirit as those of to day.

Grains of Gold.

Fear is not a lasting teacher of duty.

Be at peace with all mankind, but at war with their vices.

Men are more civilized by their pleasures than their occupations.

No man can be free unless he is strictly governed by himself.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline offices of humanity.

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

The very thing that men think they have got the most of, they have got the least of; and that is judgment.

High minds are as little affected by such unworthy returns for service as the sun is by those fogs which the earth throws up between herself and his light.

When you are in danger from external enemies, look out. When the peril is from your own unbridled passions, look in.

Falsehoods, artifice and tricks are as sure a mark of a low and poor spirit, as the passing of false money is of a poor, low purse.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify a man for usefulness and happiness.

The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, rouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

The really efficient laborer will be found not to crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure.

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest causes of all our unhappiness.

A sudden lie may be sometimes only manslaughter upon the truth; but by a carefully constructed equivocation, truth always is with malice aforethought deliberately murdered.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it: obliging—alike at all hours above all, of a golden temper.

Femininities.

Dr. De Costa says that wealth creates vice.

A woman with a silvery laugh often exposes gold-plate in her mouth.

It is so much easier to tell other people how to walk than it is to show them how.

"Pa, why is a girl called a belle?" asked Clara. "Oh, I suppose it is because of her tongue."

"This is a new wrinkle," sadly remarked the elderly maiden, as she surveyed her face in a hand-glass.

Mother: "What's the matter with your clothes, Robbie?" Robbie, meekly: "I fell down on my way from school." Mother: "Who licked?"

Mamma: "When that boy threw stones at you why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing them back?" Little son: "Tell you! Why, you couldn't hit a barn door."

Miss Frances E. Willard, the temperance reformer, is about to learn to ride a bicycle. She has had some experience with a tricycle, but now she will use a modern "safety."

"No," said a fond mother, speaking proudly of her 25-year-old daughter, "no, Mary isn't old enough to marry yet. She cries whenever anyone scolds her; and until she becomes hardened enough to reply vigorously she isn't fit for a wife."

A woman, just after she had finished her washing, told her talking-across-the-fence neighbor that she was actually so tired that she could scarcely stand on her feet. In 15 minutes after that she began a two-hour stand, waiting for a funeral to start, and she stood it out.

"You are an ardent Bible student, I believe." "I study the book a good deal." "Do you find it hard to understand?" "Well, I confess there is one thing in it that puzzles me." "What is that?" "How the writer of the Book of Genesis managed to find out Sarah's age."

A few days since a fellow was tried for stealing a saw, but he said he "only took it in a joke." The justice asked how far he had carried it, and was answered, "About two miles." "That was carrying the joke too far," said the magistrate, and committed the prisoner.

Bereaved widow, to servant: "If that is a visitor, Bridget, you may say that Mrs. Hendricks is feeling so bad to-day that she is quite unable to see anyone." Servant, returning: "It's not a visitor, mum; it's the dressmaker." Widow: "Ask her into the parlor, Bridget."

Miss D.: "Angelina, why don't you marry Lieutenant X?" Miss A.: "First, because he has no brains—he can't ride, dance or play tennis. What could we do with him?" "But he swims beautifully." "Oh, yes—but one can't keep one's husband in an aquarium, you know."

A distinguished lady, having purchased a dog from a worthy vender in London, inquired its name. "William," the man responded, after some hesitation. "William! Is not that a little odd?" "Well, ma'am, we calls him Bill," said the man, "but I didn't like to say that to the likes o' you!"

A Scotch woman, who had never before been more than five miles from her home among the hills, happened on a recent occasion to visit a seaport. Observing some of the large vessels with a small boat in tow, she said: "Eh! but it is wonderful to see the works o' nature, too; the very ships to hae young anes!"

The answers in the correspondents' column of a German journal contain the following: "P. S.—We really think that you had better not visit us in order to receive an explanation of the reason why we have rejected your manuscript. Our staircase, we beg to inform you, has 24 steps, and we do not keep a bolster at the bottom."

We are a nation of coffee drinkers. During the last nine months the imports of coffee into the United States amounted to 405,187,782 pounds—an increase of upward of 120,000,000 pounds over the imports for the same period last year. In the same time the imports of tea have increased only from 78,000,214 pounds to 83,370,303 pounds.

A society has been formed in London under the title of the Witnesses' Protection Society. The objects of the association are to protect witnesses from insults by counsel, to put the matter of contempt of Court into the hands of a jury, and to raise a fund to indemnify contumacious witnesses from pecuniary loss, provided always that the questions they refuse to answer reflect upon their honor, and are at the same time irrevelant to the issues of the case.

In the matter of women's rights Abyssinia is far ahead of Europe. According to Signor F. Martini the house and all its contents belong to her, and if the husband offends her she not only can but does turn him out of doors till he is duly repentant, and makes amends by the gift of a cow or the half of a camel—that is to say, half the value of a camel. On the other hand, it is the privilege of the wife to abuse her husband, and she can divorce herself from him at pleasure, whereas the husband must show reasons to justify such an act on his part.

Masculinities.

Cupid is always shooting and making Mrs.

The worst thing about a handsome woman is some other fellow's arm.

The habits of horses and the hearts of women are often broken by a bridle.

The average cost of convicting a murderer in Ohio is given as over $500.

The further away a man gets from his baby, the more he praises its good behavior.

The man who is ever boasting of his honor, has very little of that very scarce virtue.

The young man with a slender salary should choose for his bride a young woman of small waste.

The young man who stood on his own merits became very much fatigued with the performance.

Every wedding ring that is worn is said to represent a man's impertinence and a woman's folly.

It is very unhealthy for a growing boy to smoke tobacco—particularly if his father catches him at it.

"As far as I can see," says O'Brien, "the life of a man consists in getting into scrapes, and getting out of them."

A "great brute of a husband" advertised in the morning papers for a strong, able-bodied man to hold his wife's tongue.

Some men always prefer hard work to a light job. They would rather hold a 150-pound girl on their laps than a 15-pound baby.

The legs of a chair never stick out half so far behind at any other time as when a man is prowling about in the dark barefooted.

A gentleman has ease without familiarity, is respectful without meanness, genteel without affectation, insinuating without seeming art.

Alexander Hockady, of Blue River, Ky., is 112 years old. He has taken but one dose of medicine, and he was nearly 100 when he swallowed it.

"Simon! Simon! There are burglars in the house!" "That's all right, Mary. I made an assignment of everything to-day for the benefit of the creditors."

Little boy: "Mamma, may I go fishing?" Mamma: "No, my son, I'm afraid you'll get drowned; but you may go around to the grocery and buy me a mackerel."

Smith, with effusion: "Hallo, Brown, is that you? I heard you were drowned!" Brown, with sadness: "No, it was my brother." Smith, thoughtlessly: "What a pity!"

"Ah, John," she said, just before the marriage, "I fear I'm not worthy of you. You are such a good man." "Never mind, Martha; I'll change all that after the wedding."

A revolution is being attempted in high hats, as one of the most fashionable hatters in Paris has invented a silk hat weighing little more than an ounce and a half.

Thomas Meehan, a watchman for the Clyde Steamship Company at Pier 29, East River, New York, has saved 37 persons from drowning, some of them probably against their will.

Fussy: "I can't see why you women wear such long, trailing skirts." Mrs. Fussy: "To have something to occupy our hands with, of course. Why do you carry a walking stick when you're not lame?"

If you want a pair of boots to last four years, melt and mix four ounces of mutton tallow; apply the mixture while warm, and rub it in well; then put the boots in some closet and—go barefoot.

A lecturer is going round the country asking in public places: "Where is the Ideal Wife?" We don't know; we don't want to know. What a man wants is a real wife, and he doesn't always get her.

Mrs. Stings: "Last night you came home with a story of sitting up with a sick friend. Now, what excuse have you this time?" Mr. Stings: "To-night, my love, we (hic) all gathered round his bier."

Mary: "George, if I die, promise me one thing." George: "What is it, Mary?" "That you will marry Emma Wilson." "Why, I thought you hated her, Mary?" "I do, dear George. I want to get even with her."

"Joliman used to be a smart and rather airy bachelor, but I think he must have married since I saw him last year." "Why do you think so?" "I noticed to-day that there were two or three buttons off his coat."

Men may talk about their love for the old homestead, and women may prattle about its memories being wound around their hearts, but we have noticed that there is nothing clings to it so closely as a good healthy mortgage. It never loses its interest in the old place.

A highly recommended wash for cleansing the hair and scalp is made by mixing together one teaspoonful of powdered borax, one tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia, and one quart of soft water. Apply to the head with a soft sponge, and then rub it well with a dry towel. One application each week is sufficient.

Cecile's Delusion.

BY I. L. B.

NOW, little sister, you are all right. You won't have to change till you get to London. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Take good care of father while I am gone."

"Yes, I'll be sure to do that."

It was a pleasant young face which watched the tall, manly young fellow, as he turned away from the door to admit an entering group, and smiling back at Milly as much as to say, "See what nice company you are to have."

It was a first-class carriage, and the three new-comers and the young girl were its only occupants.

The gentleman was tall and distingue-looking, and though a few scattered threads of silver showed among his crisp, broken locks, he did not look over thirty, and Milly found herself wondering what his relationship was to the young lady about whom he was evidently very solicitous—arranging her wraps, and sheltering her from the draft in such a way as to suggest that she was an invalid.

And, indeed, her transparent skin, and wonderfully bright eyes, with the network of blue veins so plainly visible on her temples, told the same story.

The third person was a respectable, comfortable-looking woman, whom our observant little country girl was also at a loss to place, but who was, as she soon learned, a nurse.

It was Milly's first entrance into that wide, charmed world beyond the immediate precincts of home, and she was prepared to find everything wonderful and strange. She was on her way to visit Mrs. Archibald Wyeth, and was to spend the winter with her.

After her first comprehensive glance at the party of strangers, she paid no more attention to them, but changing her position so as to face the window, sat with her book lying neglected in her lap, perusing instead the vast volume of Nature, changing like a kaleidoscope before her eyes as the train flew on.

Suddenly two clinging arms were thrown about her neck and her face was covered by a shower of kisses.

"Ah, Lily," murmured a sweet childish voice, "I have found you at last! God is good! I knew he would give you back to me!"

"Do not be alarmed, young lady;" and Milly knew that the rich, deep voice must belong to the gentleman. "My ward has lost her twin-sister by an accident, and the shock affected her reason. But she is as gentle and loving as a little child; she will not hurt you."

"Come, Miss Cecile," said the nurse; and she took her hand to lead her away; but Cecile turned a pleading face toward Milly, who could not resist it, although slightly startled at the knowledge of her malady.

"Let her stay by me," she said; and arranging a seat, so that it faced toward her own, she motioned Cecile to it, and commenced talking to her in a rapid way, thus striving to conquer her strange feelings under the fixed, rapt gaze with which the girl regarded her, and which, spite of her endeavors, made her young blood run cold in her veins.

After a time Cecile became tired, and the nurse arranged an impromptu couch for her, and she was soon asleep, looking so fair and fragile as her golden head lay back among the cushions that Milly involuntarily leaned over and kissed her.

"It is the first time the sweet young lady has closed her eyes since four o'clock this morning. The doctor says if she could only sleep better her brain might right itself."

"Then it is not incurable?"

"No." This time it was the gentleman's voice. "It is only a temporary derangement, as this is the first time she has mentioned her sister's name since the accident I augur favorable results from it. If you were only to be for a time where she could see you. Will you pardon me if I ask you how far your journey extends? Here is my card."

Milly glanced at it mechanically; not because she feared that he was an adventurer; no, she was as sure when she saw him enter the carriage—and admired him secretly with all her heart—that he was a gentleman, as when she read:

SIR ROGER HERWORTH,
Millbank Terrace, London.

"I am going to London," she said; and continued, with girlish frankness; "it is my first visit away from home. I live on a farm, and it seems too pleasant to be true that I am to see that great, splendid city."

Sir Roger smiled.

"We too, are on our way there, and I hope we may become so well acquainted on the journey that at its end my poor Cecile may still have the pleasure of occasionally seeing you."

"I hope so, too," said Milly, simply.

Through the two days' tedious, to some, but an enchanted trip to Milly, she devoted herself to the stricken girl, and it was interesting to see the gradual improvement in her condition.

When they reached London they could only be pacified in separating from Milly by her guardian's promise that he would bring her the next day to call.

He did so, and it grew to be a daily occurrence for Mrs. Wyeth and Milly to be invited to ride in the park with Sir Roger and his ward.

As the skilful physician had predicted Cecile recovered from her mental malady, but the frail body grew more and more spiritual every day, and at last it was evident that the too beautiful color which flamed upon her cheeks as each day grew to a close was the fatal hectic. At last she could no longer leave her room. Then Sir Roger went to Mrs. Wyeth and entreated her to use her influence with Milly to stay with the dying girl who was so constantly wishing for her companionship until the last.

The invitation to Milly to spend some time at the hotel at which Sir Roger's party was stopping, occasioned her some embarrassment, as her simple toilet arrangements, gotten up in her rural home, were hardly intended to bear the criticism of lovers of fashion and display; but her love for the gentle sufferer overcame her scruples and she went to her.

The visitors at the hotel were very much interested in the baronet and his ward, and many a pair of bright eyes would have been glad to win an admiring glance from the handsome, stately nobleman, but he seemed ever the same, polite and courteous, but indifferent.

His ward, Cecile, was also his cousin. His uncle had felt such confidence in his favorite nephew, who was the second son of Lord Dunallan, that on his death-bed, young as was Sir Roger at the time, he had appointed him guardian of his twin girls, and had also left him a third of his large fortune, so that, although by the provisions of the entail, he did not inherit any of his father's property, he might be in possession of a good income.

By the terms of the will, if either sister died, the survivor was to inherit all; and if neither should live to attain her majority, Sir Roger should then be the heir, unless his cousins wished to will their share to someone else. In that case he was to be guided by their requests.

"Guardy," said Cecile, one morning, after she had made an excuse to send Milly from the room, "I want to make my will. You are rich enough already, and I want to give Milly half of my money. Are you willing?"

Sir Roger stroked the bright head tenderly.

"Anything that pleases my Cecile, pleases me."

Cecile took his hand caressingly in one of hers. "What a good kind guardy you have been. Leaving your home in dear old England and traveling about with me in search of health which won't come. But—my mind is all right now. Oh, that dark time when everything was a blank! And it was Milly's sweet face, so like my own Lilly's, that helped me. She is my sister in spirit if not in body."

So it was arranged. The lawyers were sent for, and Milly Dutton was no longer a girl merely in comfortable circumstances—she was an heiress. But she knew nothing of it until Cecile's translation to be with her sister for ever. Then she learned of it from Sir Roger's lips. After he had told her of the way in which Cecile had wished to give her such a permanent token of her love, she said, sadly:

"Life will seem very strange to me now that Cecile has gone. For the last three years I have hardly had a thought except for her. I shall miss the dear child sadly. Will Cecile's friend think of Cecile's uncle once in a while after he has gone?"

Milly tried to answer, but her voice failed her. She looked up at him, with large tears filling her eyes and rolling silently down her cheeks.

"Millie, are those tears for me?" The voice grew deep and impassioned. "But no, it would be too selfish in me to ask it. My hair is already showing its streaks of silver, and you——"

"Don't—don't, my heart will break!" sobbed Milly, convulsively. She saw a glimpse of happiness which might have been hers, opening before her only to be shut out irrevocably, and maidenly delicacy must seal her lips. She could not give utterance to the cry that ran through her whole being: "I love you!—I love you!"

But that despairing burst of sobs was a revelation to him. With tenderness, too deep for words, he drew her to him and kissed away her tears.

The next spring there was a double wedding at Milly's western home. Ralph gave her a dear young sister to take her place in ministering to the old father, and she gave him as tender care as though he had been her own.

Lady Millicent (our Milly) fills her position as though she had been born to it, and her husband blesses the day when Cecil's delusion drew Milly within the circle of their traveling group.

INSANITY OF THE STOMACH.—Madness manifests itself by acts of unreason, by delusions and hallucinations, by fitful and purposeless procedure. It passes by gradation from fine shades of eccentricity to rampant violence, and in the more advanced stages its presence is recognized with little difficulty.

We cannot but notice that many of our friends exhibit these various phases in the whims and requirements of their stomach. Not only is insanity of the stomach manifested by delusions and hallucinations, but it prompts the most unreasonable conduct.

Whisky mania and the like phases even in the mild type, develop into utter absurdities. The same stomach unreasonably clamors for whisky in cold weather for warmth, in hot weather for refreshment: at births or at deaths, in grief or joy, in buying a horse or selling a truss of hay, at the coming or departure of a friend, early or late, wet or dry, the stomach illogically demands a tribute of whisky.

A monomaniac of the brain sees his one idea in every passing event, so this monomaniac of the stomach sees whisky at the bottom of every turn in life. The cunning of mania is detected in the ingenious subterfuges that the stomach employs to satisfy its craze; it clamors for whisky to pacify it after a full meal, for whisky to support its emptiness, for whisky to stimulate its weakness, for whisky to sustain its strength.

No monomania of the brain is so persistent or engrossing as this monomania of the stomach. The more pronounced types of alcohol insanity surpass the violence of mental madness. In drunkenness the lunacy of the stomach reaches its climax. Its varied phases and stages correspond to similar ones in the madness of the mind. It cannot be pacified except by humoring the whim, it brooks no control, it takes no denial, it looks not to consequences in pursuance of the liquor.

It reduces a man to a state lower than the driveling idiot, its maudlin tears are more repelling than an amorous imbecile, its defiant language is more shocking than the ravings of delirium, its combative quarrelsomeness is more irritating than the eccentricities of the madman, its murderous onslaughts are more terrifying than the violence of a maniac.

What homicidal mania has massacred more victims than the insanity of drink? It respects no ties however sacred, it sacrifices all to the gratification of the stomach—position, goods, reputation, family, wife, children, all are immolated. The learned have scarcely given sufficient attention to the general question of the insanity of the stomach.

We would scarcely suggest that asylums need be erected at the national expense for the victims of the mania, inasmuch as they are ordinarily not harmful to the public. But it would conduce to the happiness of many who are afflicted with crazy stomachs, if at their own expense they were confined in order that their diet might be regulated. In any case we recommend the whole question to the consideration of coroners' juries in order that they may recognize the madness, and vary the monotony of their decisions by a verdict of death from insanity of the stomach.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

WOMEN'S BRAIN POWER.—Sir James Crichton Browne's much-talked-of address on "Sex in Education" has called forth an answer from Elizabeth Garrett Anderson. The basis of the address was the assertion that women's brains are smaller, but absolutely and relatively, than men's; that is to say, if we allow for the difference in bodily size of the average woman and the average man, it will still be found that the woman's brain is the smaller. Mrs. Garrett Anderson accepts this assertion for the sake of argument. But it is worth while to point out that the evidence in support of the assertion is strangely inconclusive. For the average woman does not have her brain weighed at all. She dies comfortably in her own bed, and is duly buried with her skull intact.

The women, whose brains Dr. Crichton Browne and his predecessors in the profession have been able to weigh and examine, belong almost exclusively to the poorest class. They are women whom poverty has driven to die amid the cold comforts of workhouse or hospital, and whose friends, if they had any, are careless to claim their bodies.

To generalise about all women and men from an examination of the brains of a few individuals belonging to this poorest and least intellectual of classes, seems to the lay mind distinctly unscientific.

Dr. Garrett Anderson suggests that if men's brains are bigger, it may be because women's brains are used less. This completely inverts the argument. Instead of asserting with Dr. Crichton Browne that women cannot do intellectual work because their brains are too small, we may equally well argue that women's brains are small because they do too little intellectual work.

All this logic-chopping, however, is very little to the point. Let us be practical. The world is increasingly dependent on intellectual work; women are increasingly dependent on their own exertions to secure their maintenance. To deny to women the privilege to follow intellectual occupations is therefore to confine them more closely—those of them who remain unmarried—to the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Against this doom, women born of intellectual fathers, brought up with clever brothers, will certainly revolt; and all men with a spark of chivalry will assist them in that revolt.

It would be better, then, if learned physicians, instead of attempting to exclude women from every occupation that distinguishes human beings from beasts of burden, would try and discover under what conditions women and men may pursue intellectual work without danger to their bodies.

ROYAL WOMEN WHO SMOKE.—If women smoke much nowadays they can at least plead that the example is set in high circles. The Empress of Austria smokes thirty to forty Turkish cigarettes every day. On her writing table there is a silver box with fine relief work, filled with cigarettes and a gold ash tray. The Czarina also yields to the passion for nicotine, but she only smokes in her boudoir. Her anxieties may plead her excuse; but Queen Marguerite of Italy, whose life is freer from care, smokes also, and smokes much, but always in solitude. The Queen Regent of Spain consumes Egyptian cigarettes in large quantities, Ex-Queen Natalie of Servia has a great store of cigarettes of every kind, the Queen of Roumania carries a little golden box filled with the same means of delight, while the Comtesse de Paris appreciates only the tobacco of Havana, and her daughter, the Queen of Portugal, gets her cigarettes from Dresden.

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Quiver" for July is filled with good stories, poetry, music, miscellany, etc. There is no magazine like it published for Sunday and general reading. It well deserves its great popularity. Published at New York.

VOLUNTARILY IMPOSED.—In no country of the Continent of Europe is the sale of intoxicating liquors forbidden, and in all of them the sale of drink in some shape is so universal that it has until lately been supposed that there was not a single village, however small it might be, in Europe which had not its wine or beer shop.

Some mention of this supposed fact, however, has brought out the real fact that there are several villages where the people are all voluntarily total abstainers, and where, as a consequence, no wine or beer shop can make its way. One of these villages is a very prosperous little place in the region known as the Mollthal, in Austria.

Still another such village is the small commune of Buc, in the district of Belfort, France. The fact is noted that Buc is one of the richest villages, for its population, in France. Its inhabitants are mostly engaged in agriculture, and are among the most industrious and contented people in the world.

It is not from poverty, therefore, that these Austrian and French villagers are total abstainers from the wine and beer which are so universally drunk in those countries. The poorer a town is, indeed, whether in the Old World or the New, the more likely it is to be found well supplied with drinking places.

FASCINATED BY GOAL LIFE.—I think, says a detective, there must be a fascination about life in goal, for certain men who have been in there for a little while seem to leave it with regret and do not lose their interest in what goes on there for some time after they are released. Again and again I have noticed men who have been confined for a few months come back every day after their release and stand at the door looking in.

They had no friends in there, unless they made friends among the other prisoners, and they did not speak or wish to speak with any one. They leaned against the grated door and looked in, as if they wanted to come back.

I really think some of them become attached to the life, and one reason is that unless they are men of gentle feelings, they do not feel the shame of their position as long as they are inside, but when they come out and meet other men they know they have the gaol stain on them and they imagine every one sees it.

I have often watched them standing there by the door, and wondered what feeling it was that drew them back.

EMBARRASSING.—"A cork leg is no end of a bore," said a man who limped one day. "I was at a dinner party the other night, and it was my happy lot to have a most charming damsel fall to my share at the feast. We conversed most pleasantly through the oysters and the soup; but when the fish arrived she became silent and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. To draw her from this mood I redoubled my efforts to please, but in response she only flushed and looked angry. Finally, interrupting me in the midst of a little mot which I had composed carefully while dressing for the dinner, she said, sotto voce, 'Pardon me, I'll thank you to stop squeezing my foot!'

"Imagine my embarrassment! I had been treading upon her toes with my cork foot—of course without knowing it. It was an awkward thing to explain; nevertheless, I was forced to do so. She accepted my apology, and then proceeded to injure my feelings by giggling."

CHARACTER FROM NOSES.—"You can almost tell a person's character from the nose alone," remarked a student of physiognomy recently. "All great men have great noses. The Greek nose, which has no protuberance, but is straight, argues great sense of esthetics, of beauty, but no character and no power of contention. Large nostrils show courage. People of fearless disposition breathe fully and freely. All the fiercer animals have dilated nostrils. The drooping nostril shows histrionic talent. If the nose also droops it denotes a tragic power, and if only the nostril the capacity is marked for the interpretation of comedy. Where the nose is thin at the bridge it shows generosity, while a nose that is thick at the bridge argues acquisitiveness. When it is tip-tilted like the petal of a flower the person is inquisitive. A projecting nose argues a disposition to investigate. It is ahead of the person, as it were, and wants to scent out things.

THE CHARMING GIRL.—The charming girl is companionable. But she does not fall in love any more. It would be impossible for the truly charming girl to fall in love in the old-fashioned way,—the way which led the amiable predecessor of the Angelina type to set her affections on a villain or an idiot, and cling to him through thick and thin with a fidelity and a rapture that looks very silly to the charming girl.

She knows herself better than ever a girl knew herself before. She is taught wisely and well by her careful mother, and no man can surprise her heart into surrender unless he has at least a few of the elements of genuine manliness and nobility—attractions of mind and spirit, as well as of face and manner. Of course, there is a sham charming girl, who doesn't fall in love because she has no heart to lose, having wasted it all in admiration of herself and her pretty gowns.

This inconsequent and effective little sham knows enough, however, to imitate the ways of the girl who is genuinely charming, and she gets up a very clever and interesting counterfeit often-times, and one which is extremely good to look at on a pleasant summer's day. By-and-by, when the ideal girl comes to bless the world, there will, without doubt, be a sweet and pretty sham of her also to be found at the shore and mountain resorts, whom the sham men then upon the earth will flirt with to their hearts' content, while the ideal man will bow at the shrine of the ideal girl.

WHY DENTISTS USE GOLD FOR FILLING.—People seem (said a practical dentist recently) to wonder why it is that dentists use gold for stopping teeth, and are inclined to believe that it is because they wish to run up the bills. As is well known, silver would resist the acids found in the mouth quite as well, and I have been asked at least twenty times why I did not use silver. If those who are so anxious to cast aspersions on the dentists would only study metallurgy they would find that the reason that we employ only gold is that it is the only metal that will weld while cold. Silver will not do so; nor will anything else. The cohesive properties of perfectly smooth and clear gold are astonishing. If you take a sheet of gold foil and let it fall upon another, both will be so firmly joined that it will be impossible to separate them. It is this property that makes gold valuable to dentists and not the desire to increase bills.

IT SUCCEEDED.—Maud Chevlot was standing in her friend's boudoir.

"The plan succeeded," she said to her hostess, "beautifully. There is your ring, and thank you so much. I shall always, in some sort, owe you much of my happiness, you know. It is a pretty ring. I hope your fiance may never object to my temporary use of it. Tom proposed twenty-four hours after he saw it on my finger. It's always the way with men. When they think they have lost you they find they wanted you all the time. And now, you see, I've got a real engagement ring of my own; not yours, dear. But—we're to be married in three months. You must come to the wedding. Tom has very, very much to thank you for—or your ring. He shall know that some day."

A RUSSIAN METHOD.—The bakers of the town of Segris, Poland, decided some time back that owing to the increased price of grain they would have to raise the price of bread to five kopecks a pound. This raise raised a great popular storm. The people paraded the streets, made a great protest, and addressed a memorial to the governor on the subject, asking him to interfere. He did so, and sent a drummer and file of soldiers to march through the streets and proclaim at every corner that the price of bread should remain at four kopecks the pounds as formerly, and that any baker who charged more should be liable to arrest and imprisonment.

AT a skirmish in the late war a colonel of an Indiana regiment, noticing some of his men ducking their heads as the shells fell about, rode along the line and called out to them, "Boys, hold up your heads, and act like men." Immediately after, an 18-pounder shell burst within a few yards of him, scattering the fragments in all directions. Instinctively he jerked his head almost to the saddle-bow, while his horse squatted with fear. "Boys," said he, as he raised up and reined in his steed, "you may dodge the large ones."

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SIGNS OF SUMMER.

White sails dotting the azure seas,
Crowded steamers that come and go;
Mowers at work in the grassy leas,
Where lithely the southern zephyrs blow;
Songs of the birds and the insects hum,
Signs are these that summer has come.

Creams and sherbets in big demand,
Soda fountains that fizz all day;
Clambakes down at the beaches, and
Watermelons upon the way;
Whiskey flouted for lager beer,
Proofs are these that summer is here.

—U. N. Norm.

Used to It.

Victim (reprovingly)—Look out; you have your finger in my mouth.

Professor Schmeartz—Oh, I don't mind that. I have mein finger in more as a hundredt mouths to-day, alretty.

Coats of arms—Sleeves.

The balance of trade—Scales.

Bells that never ring—Bluebells.

A regular poser—The photographer.

A table of contents—The dinner-table.

Stable articles of trade—Corn, oats and hay.

The only dairy that does not use water to excess is the dromedary.

If you are waiting for something to turn up, just step on a barrel hoop.

Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire? Because the sooner it's put out the better.

Perhaps the best way to teach a baby to walk would be to give it in charge of a stepmother.

"Johnny, are you teaching that parrot to swear?" "No'm. I'm just telling it what it mustn't say."

If a person catch hold of your ear and demand if he has the wrong pig by the ear, would you answer yes or no?

Why are potatoes and wheat like idols of old? Because they have eyes and see not, ears have they and hear not.

Suited to the job. Little girl: "Please, mum, pa's got a chill, an' he wants to know if he can come over and shake yer carpets."

"Waiter, is this an old or a new herring that you brought me?" "Can't you tell?" "No." "Well, then, what difference does it make?"

Customer, in a restaurant: "See here, waiter, I've found a button in the salad." Waiter: "That is all right, sir; it is a part of the dressing."

Somebody asked the 4-year-old son of a friend what he would do if his father died. "Why," said the youngster, "I'd wear my new boots to the funeral."

Woman of the world to youthful admirer: "You seem to know a great deal of married life. Are you married?" Smith, with a blase air: "No; but my father is."

St. Peter: "Who are you?" Shade: "Hamlet, the Dane." St. Peter: "You come up pretty often." Shade: "Well, I can't help it. Actors will persist in murdering me."

"Provisions are running pretty low, pop," said Shem, on the thirtieth day out; "what are we going to do about it?" "I don't know," said Noah, with a wink at Japhet, "unless we eat Ham."

Industrious mother: "Willie, if you don't go to work you will never be worth the salt that goes in your bread." Willie, stretching and gaping: "Well, rather than go to work you may leave out my part of the salt."

"Mother," said a little girl to her parent, who takes a great interest in charitable institutions, "I wish I were an orphan!" "Why so, my dear?" "Because I should see more of you; for you are always going to the orphan asylum."

Mrs. Yerger, of Harlem, rebuked her cook, Matilda Snowball, for being too fond of company. "You have four or five men visiting you every night in the kitchen. That will never do." "Dat's all right. Dey all wants ter marry me. I don't 'low none odders to hang round de premises."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

No matter how warm the day, there are ladies who never feel quite dressed unless they have a light wrap of some kind, not so much perhaps as a protection against the weather as a sentiment, so this season's styles offer several novelties intended exactly for that purpose. The first is a Russian blouse made of lace, and it is light, graceful and pretty, and it looks well over anything. It is of the simplest make, having sleeves coming only to the elbows and having collar, belt and front pieces of ribbon, either brocaded or moire, in very subdued tones or in black.

This blouse has the latest novelty in the trimming of skirts, and consists in two puffs of the material of which the dress is made, or of faille or velutina of the same shade, laid one above and one below a flat band of ribbon. This forms a pretty finish to a skirt, and can be added to one after the first freshness is gone.

Another pretty wrap consists simply of a collar of brocaded ribbon lined with lace, and with a deep lace frill which reaches half way down to the elbow. Down the front are two ribbons lined with wigan and silk to make them stiff, and they finish at the bottom with a deep fringe of beads. A belt made of the ribbon goes around the waist and crosses in the back, forming two tabs that fall as deep as those in front, and they also are finished with beaded fringe.

DRESSY SUMMER WRAPS.

The gown illustrated with this has a front breadth of tobacco brown faille, slightly frilled at the top, but plain at the bottom. The rest of the dress is of wide striped summer cheviot in lines of gray over fawn, cut without a train, just touching the ground.

Another style of summer wrap suitable for seashore or places where evenings are cool is a jacket of light drab cloth, slashed on the bottom and lined throughout with changeable silk. The collar and revers are quite novel in form, and are made of the same material braided with gold and black. The dress worn with this is black grosgrain made perfectly plain and just reaching the ground, but not trailing. There are now few who wear their street gowns long enough to train in the dust.

The pretty hat that goes with this is of black straw, with a border of gold lace all around the edge and with a puff of feathers upon the flat crown.

A new fad in hat trimming broke out this week, and consists in having two wide, stiff loops placed exactly in front and another which stands straight up. The loops are about eight inches long, and the effect is not at all graceful or pretty, but it is safe to say that in less than a week every hat will be decorated in this fashion. The bows are very difficult to make, and the amateur milliner would be apt to give them a suspicion of softness or grace, but to be right they must look as stiff as if cut out of tin. Some of them, indeed, are made of straw braid, bound on one side with ribbon. And the flowers are made to stand as stiffly as possible.

I saw on one swell hat a perfect peony, large as life, with its leaves and one bud, and I also saw one hat with a stiff looking stalk with two old fashioned crimson hollyhocks upon it with two or three leaves. I must confess that these two hats were more realistic than pretty.

Then, on the other hand, you will see a delicate pug of black lace with fine white flowers and cool looking green leaves twisting among the lace so that the whole is a pleasure to the artistic eyes.

I notice in some of our best shoe stores a return to prunella and farmer's satin for high boots and slippers and also satin tops.

Soft suede ball shoes for evening wear are shown, and are pretty for one or two evenings. After that they are apt to be more comfortable than pretty.

The Oxford and Newport ties show small difference from those of previous seasons. There are square toes for those who like them and long pointed and high heeled ones for those who care more for their looks than their feelings. Buttoned boots are now as always the dress outdoor style, though young people will probably prefer the low shoe for warm weather.

Odds and Ends.

SOMETHING OF FANCY WORK.

Lovers of fancy work will doubtless be interested in hearing of the novelties that are in store for them.

Linen still continues first favorite as a material for the execution of thick embroidery, and most tempting is the display of beautiful articles for household use that are prepared for working. As a rule these are ornamented with drawn thread work, some of which is well and conscientiously executed, and will last as long as the material itself.

Anyone who is accustomed to the execution of drawn thread work will be able to discriminate between the various kinds of openwork used, and will choose only such as is likely to bear washing without injury.

The designs for the embroidery are for the most part much freer and bolder than they have hitherto been, and at the time fashion is all in favor of purely conventional patterns, carried out in a strictly conventional manner, no attempt being made to produce lifelike reproductions of well-known flowers, as was the case some few years ago.

Many of the designs are raised in very high relief, over a padding of soft cotton, and the stitches of the embroidery itself, which are executed with white, are in their turn enriched with darning and oversewings of colored flax or washing silks.

Tray cloths are very beautiful in these linen embroideries. Torchon lace and insertion trim many of them, and in some cases the designs of the lace itself are outlined and overwrought with crewel and darning stitches to match the colors of the embroidery.

Bags for holding soiled lingerie are also made of linen, and are really too ornamental to be hidden away in cupboards and wardrobes. They would sell well at bazaars, and should be worked in either ingrain flax threads or cottons, these being in better taste for the purpose than silks.

Some of the prettiest of the new sideboard cloths have for their principal ornament beautifully worked wheels of openwork resembling reticella, or the simplest forms of Greek lace. These are often combined with the thicker kinds of embroidery, and give a pretty, light effect.

Abroad, ladies themselves work these large wheels, filling them with the most dainty triangles and bars of delicate buttonhole stitches, but here, unfortunately, workers have not sufficient enterprise to undertake them, and prefer to pay the extra money to have the most troublesome parts of the work done for them. At the same time, the execution of the task is by no means difficult. The outlines of the wheel are traced on the linen, which is then tacked down to a piece of toile cirse.

Buttonhole stitch plays a large part in these wheels, and is necessary, more especially round the edge of the pattern, to prevent the linen from fraying when cut. When the wheel is worked, the whole of the linen at the back of it is cut away, leaving the wheel like a piece of lace, about as large as the top of a wineglass, let into the solid linen.

The latest development of Cloisonne enamel painting is prepared for execution upon cloth of various tints. Some of the designs are extremely good, others are more formal and resemble tiles, the outlines being followed with metallic paint and the inner parts filled with enamel colors laid smoothly over the oil-cloth just as they are laid upon the pottery. Splashers, flowerpot covers, door panels, brackets, mats, and many other things are prepared for painting, but they may be converted with the help of the needle into a great variety of pretty and ornamental articles.

A servant girl went to sleep one afternoon, and did not wake up until forty hours later. When she awoke she was naturally much incensed to find that she had been defrauded out of "two evenings out."

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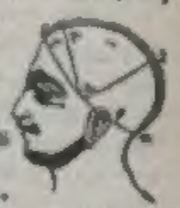

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FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEE AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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